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THE INDEPENDENT.

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VOLUME V. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1853. NUMBER 255.

THE INDEPENDENT.

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THE GROANS OF ITALY.

BY OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

It is now two years since Mr. Gladstone addressed his memorable *Letters* to Lord Aberdeen, in which were described the numbers and the wretchedness of the victims of Neapolitan tyranny. Such a correspondence between two distinguished conservative statesmen would naturally excite great attention, and it might be supposed, would be followed by some practical result. But with the continental despots, priestly and regal, the names of Gladstone and Aberdeen appear to have no more effect for good than those of the hated Palmerston and the liberal Russell. In fact, the hatred to England and the English has been intensified. England has the too great honor of being accounted entirely liberal and protestant.

Americans now fully share in this dislike. May they more fully deserve it. The Smyrna affair has sunk deep into the minds of tyrannical rulers, and it is believed will be a subject of discussion in the royal conferences now being held at Olmutz. An American frigate in the Mediterranean is a thing of fear. Even Mr. Vanderbilt may not have the bare hospitalities of an Italian port. Consciousness of wrong, and fear, make these rulers cruel. Everywhere the compression is terrible. Exact facts are not easily obtained, but accounts recently received from reliable sources exhibit a fearful amount of suffering. The *Debats*, which would have little motive for exaggeration, has lately stated that there are twenty thousand victims imprisoned in the Papal States alone. This is denied, and it is affirmed by a Papal organ that the number of political prisoners is very small; but, says a resident in Rome, no one acquainted with the state of the country will believe the denial. The principal fortresses are continually receiving contributions of political prisoners from the neighboring towns; but a veil of secresy is thrown around them. It has transpired that at Ancona, under charge of the Austrians, are prisoners of importance, who are related to the Roman authorities, who in their terror and cruelty do not even spare their own flesh and blood. A resident at Genoa, who is well informed and altogether trust-worthy, quotes a private letter received from the Papal States, which gives an affecting description of the deeds of barbarity inflicted by ferocious priest-rulers. The atrocities recited might well give pause to those in England and the United States who affect a philosophic or inhuman indifference to the principles, projects and practices of the Romish priesthood. The tortures formerly applied to heretics are now applied to political offenders, in order to extort from them information to criminate others. The letter referred to describes these deeds of barbarity, and declares that despair is in almost every family: a fragment is here quoted:

"By hunger, sleeplessness, flogging, and other torments, the poor political prisoners are constrained to declare, even with their signature, the denunciation either of events unknown to them, or of accomplices whom they never had; and these declarations, thus extorted by tortures, are made in the presence of special judges, who are, indeed, executioners in an official attire. These ferocious men take advantage of the least word that may have escaped during the tortures to mark out new victims to the tormentors. At Ancona, Bologna, and in all the cities of Romagna, to impel political prisoners to make such declarations, they have at first recourse to flattering ways; and if they be thus foiled, they leave their victims for three or four days almost without any kind of food, often in such dungeons where they can neither stand erect, the space being too low, nor lie, as being too narrow; often they are chained by their feet, or have an iron collar at their neck and fixed to the wall. In this miserable condition they are flogged for several days successively. At times the refined ferocity of the priests adds other torments to a definite number of daily lashes. Three of these prisoners, of the name of Marchignoli, Minarelli, and Cavassa, had their arms tied behind their shoulders, and stripped down to the hips; they were severely lashed by an executioner each time the priestly judge, unsatisfied with their answer, modified the human jackal, and if the poor fellows did not answer, the priestly wrath redoubled the torments. . . . These unfortunate men are covered with cutaneous eruptions, some dying, some longing to die. One must be a priest or an Austrian, adds the writer, not to feel compassion for such miseries. Despair is in almost every family. No human tongue could tell the baseness, the disorder, the atrocities of the priests in the Roman provinces. Here you hear nothing but continual imprecations and cursing against the Pope, the Jesuits, the Austrians, the French, the monks, and the priests."

This extract is from a letter dated Genoa, Sept. 3. Another letter, written on the 2d, from Florence, corroborates the statements, by what may be taken as a striking unintentional comment, in these terms:

"He who has heard but five years ago the cities of Italy ringing with the triumphal hymns in praise of Rome and the reforming Pontiff—who has heard the streets of Rome echoing to the cry that she, and she alone, was '*La Regina delle Genti*'—that she sat a queen, and could see no sorrow—he can best form an estimate of the terrible reaction of the national mind following on the destruction of the nation's hopes, and can understand how, after the tumult of that hour of passion, the hatred wherewith the Italians hate the Papacy is greater than the love wherewith they loved it. And he, too, can best understand how sincere and well-founded is the terror which the '*porporati*' of the Sacred College—like their prototypes the '*purpurati Svanni*' of the Roman poet's verse—feel lest the people should once more shout 'to arms! to arms!' and overthrow their hated empire."

The *Edinburgh Witness* (the organ of the Free Church, edited by Hugh Miller, geologist, philosopher, divine—may his days be prolonged) also has an interesting letter from Florence, which shows that the Grand Duke and the Jesuits are taking their revenge for having been compelled to give up the Madiai. Suspected Bible readers are watched and seized: and sufferers for conscience' sake are multiplied. This letter says that—

"On Sunday, the 28th August, the house of a baker, called Natali, was broken in upon, and three persons carried off to prison. Three *gendarmes* in plain clothes came in, and seven others, fully armed, remained below. As soon as they entered, the chief man of the party said, 'We are come for the Bible.' This is important, as the police may afterwards seek to give a political color to these perquisitions. They soon commenced the search, and found two or three copies of the Bible, and a few other books. In Natali's house, and in that of his wife's brother, who lives on the same floor, they found two copies of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in Italian. After searching the two houses for about two hours, they left, taking the three Bible readers with them to the Delegation. They were allowed to walk so far, but after an examination by the Delegate they were sent to the Bargello, and, it is said, were sent in chains. * * * * *

It is greatly feared that, under the new law, still more severe measures may be taken against the brethren in Florence. The police are trying hard to find out old 'Christian' in his Italian dress, and he may perhaps fall into the hands of 'Giant Pope.' It is idle to expect that Rome will soon give up this system of wearing out the saints of the Most High. Thank God, almost every one of the Tuscan prisoners heretofore has held fast the profession of his faith. Let God's people in this land pray without ceasing, that having been once enlightened, they may be kept from falling. It was not so much an European deputation, as the prayers of the Church, that opened the prison doors of the two Madiai, and that have at length set Guarducci free; and He, against whom the princes of the earth take counsel in vain, is able even in such times of trial to protect His feeble ones."

Here is another Italian picture, which is strictly in keeping with these sketches of Life in Italy. Signor Boltaro, a patriotic ex-priest, has been done to death by slow poisoning at Genoa, and the fact is beyond disproof:

"He was a Roman Catholic priest, who ceased to be so to become an apostle of democracy, and was the author of a collection of democratic psalms. Boltaro was rather popular; his servant, a great bigot, and the penitent of a Jesuitical confessor, is suspected of the murder through the instigation of her confessor; she has been arrested. The poison that was found by analyzing the contents of the stomach of Boltaro was a mixture of arsenic and acetate of copper, as it seems daily and slowly administered. A trial, of course, will take place, and unveil, it is to be hoped, the truth. The priests are in a great way; the funeral service was refused on account of his apostasy."

A pamphlet of much interest, as illustrating the state of religious feeling in Italy, has recently been published at Florence. It seems that in 1844 a conference of religious and more than half enlightened Romanists was held at Florence. Among the members was the Abbe Lambruschini, nephew of the Cardinal of that name, who is the most strong-willed and reactionary of the counsellors of the Papacy. At the conference of 1844 the question was raised, whether the members ought formally to separate from the Roman Catholic communion. Chiefly through the influence of the Abbe Lambruschini the opinion prevailed that they ought to remain, and to labor to revive true religion within the Papacy. Lambruschini, it appears, was abundant in labors, and was the editor of the best educational journal published in Italy. He sought to base national education on the broad foundations of Holy Scripture, conscience and natural science, and he freely distributed copies of Diodati's Bible. The Abbe is *now* disturbed, owing to these facts being recalled to memory by the publication of the memoirs of M. Montanelli, ex-President of the Tuscan ministry. Failing of success in the project of reforming within the Papacy, the excellent Abbe has himself relapsed, and he now reproaches the propagandists who, imitating his example, distribute the Bible of Diodati. There is one important inference from this statement. It shows clearly that *not* to recent propagandism, political or religious, but to movements in the national mind originating in past years, is to be ascribed the anti-papal religious spirit existing in Central Italy. Not a day passes, says a resident in Florence, in which I do not hear accounts of Bibles eagerly sought after, of religious conférences held in lone hamlets of the Apennines—where no propagandist ever penetrated. Americans have taken an interest in Italy; American Christians have prayed and labored for Italy. They will not read these statements with indifference. They are not "priests or Austrians." They will not—surely they will not, concur with that New York clergyman (advocate of the *Observer* and of Dr. Joel Parker,) who, when recently writing to the London *Christian Times*, intimated that American Christians would cease to care for the tortured victims of political and spiritual despotism in Europe, if European Christians remembered and spoke of those who are in bonds to slaveholders in the enslaving portion of the United States. AGRICOLA.

BASH-BISH.

On a lovely Monday morning, the last of summer, ere active Nature had yet shaken off the dewy mantle that had fallen on the still Sabbath, and while the old giant *Dome* was still slumbering, its bare head enveloped in a cap of hydropathic texture, we loaded a country wagon with as much provision and as many picked eaters as its capacity and *ours* would allow, bound for Bash-Bish. And as the sex had the majority, more than two to one, we flattered ourselves (that is, he and I did,) that we would be duly appreciated. It was decreed at starting that your humble servant, honored with the distinction of cicerone (my partner was driver), should extend his politeness to a bow to every man, woman or child he should meet that day, a point of etiquette to which I could not demur without self-im*peach*ment (thereby hangs a tale). Passing along over brooks and between harvested fields that had not yet yielded all their perfume, we reached the under-mountain road near where Sage's brook introduces itself in so abrupt and tumbling a manner out into the sunlight, as if wild and frightened by its cavernous, rapid leaps, down the side of Mount Washington—and where it has been so often and so charmingly introduced by one who, were we to judge from his relation of one day's sport, has obtained more trophies in Brooklyn than in that stream. Leaving this noisy but welcome intruder, therefore, to pursue its more sober way between its "*ruffled borders*" through the meadows (for it really seemed to *crimson* as if with shame when exposed to our and the sun's gaze), we slowly commenced our ascent of Mount Washington, and as we were all *young* (i. e. *unmarried*), except myself, we unpacked ourselves, and each one picking up what served as a staff, toiled on like Bunyan's pilgrim without (on that lovely morning at least) the pack;—the very stony road afforded slow progress, but we were *rising*, and so was the sun, and the day was before us. After toiling on for about half an hour, the order was given to one of the young (*i. e.* unmarried) people whose failing strength had caused her to seek refuge on the wagon, to halt. The same noisy brook was going on with his gambols as mad as ever near us, and a short winding path brought us to the Look-off-place—so unpoetically called by the farmers in that neighborhood. The view from this place is truly beautiful. Long ledges of almost perpendicular rocks rising out of the dense woods far below, afford a stand-point unsurpassed at that height on the mountain. Away to the north-east lay still, quiet Sheffield, 'loveliest village of the plain,' its tall white spire rising above the surrounding elms. In front were spread out the many farms, whose distance concealed all tares and thistles, and presented even and beautifully-tinted waving surfaces. I lay there on that rock a little apart from the company, and the eye wandered along until the grove in front, the orchard behind, and the tall locust trees around, the old red house, one after another filled up the distinct picture. And there on that bright, beautiful morning, smile not, dear reader, if you see the tear stealing down from *one's* dimmed eye, for there was the old red farm house, the birth-place of my companion, and so long the only spot I could *call* home and feel that I had not erred in so doing,—there was that little inclosure down in the meadow where three white tomb-stones tell of Martha, Mary, and Edward, and another is soon to record the holy memory of the old sire now lying beside his sleeping children; there was the grove, where *we*, long years gone by, together lingered beside a trickling brook and talked of hope, of life, of love—but the wagon is going, and my company have left me, let us go on—not, however, without casting one look southward, where Washining and Washinee, two lovely lakes on the upper borders of Salisbury township, lie calmly reflecting the warm morning light, by whose side, dear reader, *we* have sat on a bright morning, like this, and dreamed away hour after hour, until the tree began to withdraw its shadow, and the sounding horn, and the home-bound weary farmer told it was Noon:—sweet Morning-side!

But I am left behind, and see the company, re-packed, slowly ascending the mountain. Following on, clipping the fruitful branches of the black-berry bushes, and passing by faces *berry* black (for the colored race seem to abound there), we see on the top of the mountain a lake or pond, the mother of Sage's brook, and the other stream by whose side we are soon to ride along, till we stand in wonder amid the sublimity of Bash-Bish. Riding along over a comparatively good road, we soon, after taking the first left and next right (as directed by a native), "until you come to where an old meetin'-house *used* to be," cross a bridge and then skirt along Bash-Bish brook, which now flows quietly enough by the road-side, here and there making a little plunge, then moving more peacefully, and now, indignant of the restraint of some artisan, leaping over the artificial barrier, and stealing along to its rocky gorge. The rains had been heavy the few days preceding, and the mountain rising high on the opposite side of the brook, covered with dense foliage, its gloomy grandeur was now and then varied by some stray silver line of water falling in almost a single unbroken stream, seeming like a pencil of Northern Light. But now the pass narrows; large trees, grown old in companionship and long separated by the intervening road, rest their weary sapless trunks upon each other, forming an arch overhead. The mountain-sides ascend more closely together, and the sun no longer peers in on the deep solitude. We are approaching some sacred shrine of old, where hermit erst did dwell perchance, and the gay thoughts of morning, bedewed with the tearful memories of that old red house, the grove and the meadow grave-yard, are subdued amid this somber but grand scene; the words and actions of gaiety give place to thoughts deep, but full of holy joy—and we go on scarcely conscious of aught but the overshadowing grandeur around. But now we have passed down the main road and turning round retrace, by another road running by the side of, but below the first, our brook-pilgrimage, and soon we are standing upon the rude balcony of the house at the Falls. We are all unpacked and our stores are spread upon tables furnished by the *host* (consisting of one man), at the house. Our names were duly registered in the book kept for the purpose, and the intervening time until dinner was passed in looking over our antecedents, among whom we noticed names of Beechers, Deweys, and many others, attesting the yearly pilgrimage of those who, eschewing the fashionable resorts and soulless scenes of summer travel, have turned aside to commune with Nature in her sweetest solitudes. But now, girls, all who have not encumbered yourselves with dresses too delicate for rents and spray, let us move on. Clambering down to a rustic bridge, thrown across the brook, we stand, as well we might, speechless, before Bash-Bish!

On the left hand, far, far up, after cliff rising on cliff, [illegible] stands out against the sky; on the right ascends the wooded side, and far up on the right, and projecting over the scooped-out chasms far below, stands Eagle's Nest, so distant that faces are not recognizable, and yet so nearly above, that a stone dropped with scarce any propelling force would fall in the brook beneath us. Directly in front, the Falls appear tumbling with foamy whiteness down both sides of a huge rock that had fallen there centuries ago, when the Indian in all his native freedom roamed over these wild scenes. And with all respect to the piscatory *habits* of one whose name I have mentioned, pardon me the confession that trouty as was that basin by reputation, we had no desire to *do*, then and there, what we never yet could do anywhere, catch a trout. Here standing until the spray, dancing around and upon us, had fashioned the garments into a more compact and less impeding size, we commence our tedious ascent to Eagle's Nest, through the woods;—a path that none but men and Bloomers can travel without torn and bedrabbled dresses. However, the Nest was attained; and slowly approaching the edge of the rock we all, for greater safety, and distrusting ourselves to stand and look to where foaming waters fall at least three hundred feet directly beneath us, lay out at full length, where many bad lain before, to drink in all the grandeur of that scene. We looked, we shut out the scene to look *again*, but there it lay, rocky cliff, mountain side, the deep, deep chasm, and the wild bounding stream, and there we lay till the deepening shadows, foretelling a moonless night, quietly summoned us to leave yet unfathomed, as we must leave undescribed, *all* of Bash-Bish.

Our descent, and 'hair breadth 'scapes' in accomplishing it, we leave for another letter, preferring to remain in spirit where we so long lay looking so dreamily that the scene now rises in imagination above, and throws its magic around all baser and more earthly thoughts. G.

DR. BELLAMY'S CALL TO NEW YORK.

At the Litchfield Consociation Jubilee, in 1852, a sermon was preached by Rev. D. L. Parmelee, on the History of the Consociation in that county. One chapter in that history is but little known in its details, which we now copy:—

The Consociation met in Bethlehem, March 25, 1754, *pro re nata*, to consider the call of the Presbyterian church in the city of New York, to the Rev. Mr. Joseph Bellamy, to remove from Bethlehem to the ministry there, and the letters of the Rev. Presbytery to which said church belongs, approving said call, and pressing such removal, and to determine the case. The record of the result is as follows:—"After several adjournments, having heard the call, and letters from New York and elsewhere for Mr. Bellamy's removal, and reasons given in by the committees of both church and society in Bethlehem against it, with what has been pleaded on both sides, after suitable conference and consideration, and looking to Heaven for direction, we find the affair attended with such difficulties, as well as in its own nature of such importance, that we cannot look upon it as safe for us finally and absolutely to determine on the case, but judge it most for the interest of religion, that we have the assistance of the neighboring Consociation, viz., the Eastern Consociation of Fairfield county, and therefore judge it best that this Consociation, by the Moderator, write to the Moderator of said Consociation, to join us, and adjourn to the third Tuesday, being the 21st of May next, and then to meet in Bethlehem; and from that respect which is due to the Rev. Presbytery of New York from this Consociation, as well as that the circumstances of things may be better known, and that truth may more fully appear, we advise Mr. Bellamy, in the time of the adjournment, to pay a visit to and preach at New York."

Accordingly the two Consociations met in council; but did not come to their result until the fourth day. They heard read papers on all sides, (and from the record it would seem they must have been numerous;) they heard Mr. Bellamy's full and plain account of the state of New York; heard pleas on both sides; by a committee treated with the people of Bethlehem, as the record of one day reads, "the rest of the day and by one and another of our members, made warm and pathetic addresses to them publicly, as a proper expedient to open the way to a final issue, so as the honor of God and the interests of religion in these parts may be secured, in case the Council see it duty to remove Mr. Bellamy to New York."

On the eventful fourth day, "After much debate and conference, endeavoring to view the case in every possible point of light, and then solemnly calling upon the Father of Lights and Fountain of Wisdom and Discretion, the Council came to the following determination, viz: Although we heartily commiserate the destitute and melancholy circumstances of the Presbyterian congregation in New York, and would willingly contribute our help, so far as is consistent with duty, for the relief of our dear Christian friends and brethren there, yet having considered the case, and duly weighed it, with all the attending circumstances in the best light afforded, we think it not for the honor of our common Lord, the best interests of our Holy Religion, that Mr. Bellamy be dismissed; but judge it his duty to continue in that sacred work with them, earnestly recommending both him and them to God and the word of his grace, heartily praying the long continuance of mutual love and fellowship between them, whilst we at the same time ardently implore the great Lord of the harvest to send forth a faithful laborer into that destitute and greatly distressed part of his harvest."

On our stand-point, looking at the city of New York with a population now approaching to six hundred thousand, and in its vicinity a number to increase it to one million, and with Presbyterian churches of divers shades of difference, so numerous as to constitute presbyteries, and then looking at our Bethlehem as a town with eight hundred inhabitants, to see the welfare of the church in the latter more regarded than the entire Presb. church in the city of N. Y., may at the first thought seem surprising; but clearly the overruling hand of God was in the result. If Mr. Bellamy had been dismissed and settled in New York, his ministry there must have been suspended during the most of the period of the Revolutionary War, including the best years of his life. But in addition to his duty as a pastor, God had other work for him. It was in little Bethlehem, remote from the strifes of war and scenes of commotion, that some of his works were written; it was there, from year to year, numbers were trained for the ministry; it was there he lived, labored and died, and from it "*yet speaketh.*"

THE MAN WHO STEALS HIS PREACHING.

He is a constant attendant at our church, and sits across the aisle from me. He does not look like a thief. He comes to meeting in his carriage—drives his sleek, high-spirited horse in showy style up to the door, and hands out his wife and daughters in a very gallant manner. He recognizes his neighbors and acquaintances without the least embarrassment—shakes hands with them, and chats about the weather and crops in an easy, self-important way, just as though he had never done a mean thing in his life. Look at him now as he stands discussing the election returns with Esq. G——. Witness his self-complacent way of saying that his party, though defeated, is composed of *honorable* men, who have come out of the contest with their integrity unsullied; which is more than their opponents can say. Would you think that man would steal a sheep? No. But he does a meaner thing every Sabbath. He steals his preaching.

He is a man well to do in the world. He has a fine farm well stocked—raises the best corn, and has the finest orchard in town. His oxen took the first premium at the last cattle show, and his colts are famous, far and near, for their beauty. His house is neat and costly—his parlors are elegantly furnished, and his tables are always set with an abundance. His wife is a notable housekeeper, and his daughters are fashionably educated. But he steals his preaching.

He is a man of influence in our town. He has been our representative several times—is one of our "select legislature." He frequently receives documents from Washington franked by our M. C. He is often chosen moderator of our town meetings, and his name is often seen on committee lists for one object or another. And whenever he makes a motion, or a speech, he is listened to with attention. But yet he steals his preaching,

He is a benevolent man. At least he would be very angry if I should say he was not. He subscribed five dollars towards the New Orleans fund, and three or four years ago, did the same for the Irish fund. He once gave ten dollars to a Western college. When farmer H——'s house was burned he also gave something for him; and his neighbors say that he has now and then given Widow B—— a load of pine wood. Once he subscribed fifteen dollars over and above his tax towards a new school-house in his district. Indeed he rather prides himself on his public spirit, and always professes his willingness to do his part in all public enterprises. But yet he steals his preaching.

He is a man of good judgment; at least that is what his neighbors say. And his thrift—the excellent condition of his farm and everything pertaining to it, go to show that, as the world generally defines judgment, his is good. If an "eye to the main chance" is the mark of a strong, well-balanced mind, his is such. And then the high consideration in which he is held by his fellow-townsmen leads me to think he does not make many mistakes in his public actions. Their confidence argues in him more than ordinary sagacity and discretion. But yet he steals his preaching.

He is an honest man—as the world defines honesty. He pays his debts punctually. His hired men all speak well of him. He never overworks them, and always gives them their wages according to agreement. His wood always holds out in measurement, and his cattle are always found equal to his warrant. He never beats down the merchant, and never offers to pay the doctor in produce. In short he would be ready to "take the law" of me, and very likely a suit for slander would go against me, if I should say he was dishonest. But yet he steals his preaching.

And now why is this? Why should such a man be a thief? Because last summer our minister preached upon a doctrine which Captain C—— does not want to believe is taught in the Bible. The minister made out a pretty strong case in favor of the doctrine, and then pressed home with earnestness the corresponding duties of his hearers, and Captain C—— thought the most effective method of refuting his arguments would be to refuse his aid in supporting such a preacher. So this year when the subscription paper was circulated he declined signing it.

But yet he cannot do without preaching. Sunday would be insupportably dull if he staid at home. During the week he is busy on his farm, and Sunday offers a favorable opportunity of seeing his neighbors, learning the news, and getting his weekly papers. And besides, it is fashionable to go to meeting, and he would lose in the estimation of his townsmen if he absented himself entirely. And so as there is no other church in town, he must continue to attend our meeting. This I do not so much wonder at. But I do wonder how he manages to do it with so much self-assurance. I wonder he does not come in softly, and sneak to a seat in the corner, and hide his face when the minister comes in. I wonder how he dares to speak to a single individual in the porch, and why he does not hasten away the moment the service ends so as to avoid observation.

He acknowledges that if it were not for the church and ecclesiastical society in town, his farm would not be worth more than half of what he now asks for it. He knows that his market in the village is worth double what it would be were there no moral restraints laid upon the inhabitants by the observance of the Sabbath. He knows that he sleeps quietly at night, undisturbed by any fears that his orchard or hen-roost may be robbed, or his buildings fired, because moral and religious instructions and restraints have made the community a law-abiding one. He knows that his chance of selling his farm in case of necessity, is far better than it would be, were there no religious privileges in town. Indeed, two years ago, when he advertised is place for sale, he inserted a clause lauding the sobriety and morality of the neighborhood as an inducement to purchasers.

And now I want to ask Captain C—— if such a course of conduct is *honorable*?—I don't ask him if his Christian, because he is not a professor of religion. But when he reaps so bountifully th fruits of Sabbath ordinances, and the public ministration of God's Word; is it manly, is it *honest* for him to refuse all aid in maintaining them? Is it uncharitable in me to say, *he steals his preaching!* D. N. Y.

GOD'S REGARD FOR MEN.

1. He gave them infinitely good laws. The divine law is perfect, and constant obedience to it would make creatures perfectly happy. In the law as a whole, and in every distinct precept of it, God's good will to men is clearly manifest. What it requires to be done ought to be done, whether required or not; and what it forbids to be done ought not to be done, whether there was a prohibition or not. And God in giving such a law to men has not only exhibited his benevolence in general, but has demonstrated his special regard to our race.

2. When man had broken the divine law and exposed himself to its awful penalty, God devised a plan by which he could forbear executing the penalty on the transgressor himself, and bring him back to his favor, and confer upon him eternal salvation, on the transgressor's complying with a simple and possible condition: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He hath set forth Christ Jesus to be "a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness in the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." What could show a more tender regard to mankind than for God to so love the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life?

3. God is employing various and powerful means and influences to induce men to accept of Christ and his salvation. He commissions and sends forth ministers of the Gospel as his ambassadors, to beseech men to become reconciled to God; and it is through the foolishness of preaching that God usually saves them that believe. His word is sent abroad to exert its saving influence on the children of men; and this is able to make men wise unto salvation through faith in Christ. God's people are scattered far and wide, as "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world." By their pious conversation, and holy lives, and effectual prayers, a mighty influence for good is exerted. Religious books and tracts and papers are also doing a good work. Above all, the Holy Spirit is sent into the world to give efficacy to the means and instrumentalities which would prove utterly powerless without his co-operation. And in this connection we would remark that providential mercies and afflictions are evidences of divine regard.

4. God's regard for mankind is also manifest in the easiness of the terms of salvation. No long and hazardous and expensive pilgrimages are demanded; no sacrifices are called for except such as will directly promote the permanent good of those who make them. "Look unto "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," he has said:" are such that it does not require either time or strength to comply with them.

5. The divine regard for mankind is further manifest in affording *all* who hear the news of salvation an equal opportunity to be saved. "*Whosoever will*, let him take the water of life *freely*." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

6. God's tender regard for mankind appears further, in the consideration that he rejects none in consequence of their former wicked character, and reproaches none for their former vicious and ungodly conduct. He embraces with the same affection a penitent Manasseh, and a penitent Saul of Tarsus, and a penitent Mary Magdalene, as he does penitent sinners whose former lives have been virtuous and upright. He treats all who come to him as though their sins were forgotten as well as forgiven.

7. That God feels a tender regard for our race is further evident from his forbearance and long-suffering towards persevering sinners. Though Manasseh was the most like Nero of any of the kings of Judah, yet God permitted him to reign fifty-five years. So of thousands of others. God shows that he is not willing that any should perish, but desires that all should come to repentance. How tender the expression of his regard for Israel before he gave them up, and declared, "I will love them no more." Like a tender-hearted and affectionate father who has done everything to save a prodigal child, but is constrained at last to aband

flies, there is no doubt but you will kill others that deserve it full as much, or more.

We grant to Judge Hall the degree of F. H.; he must show more skill than he has yet before we issue the diploma of F. C.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 20.

THE GREAT CONTEST.

"In fifty years Europe will be either Republican or Cossack." The fifty years are not yet passed, and already is Europe Cossack. Austria is completely Cossack—a mere dependency of Russia, by whose mercenary hordes she keeps down the aspirations of her oppressed subjects for freedom. Italy is ruled by the influence of Russia, the dread of whose power gives to the Austrian army in Lombardy a position that its own valor never won. The young kingdom of Greece is the pliant tool of the Cossack for the recovery of the old seat of the Byzantine Empire. Prussia stands in fear of the Cossack, shares in the spoils of Russia upon Poland, and scrupulously avoids an offence to the diplomatists of the Czar. France too is Cossack, in the despotic spirit that now rules her wayward destinies, and in the subtle influences that are drawing her into the policy of a power that she dares not provoke to war. Even England, baffled by the chicanery of St. Petersburg, and subsidized to the claims of Commerce and a vicious Peace, bows with a maudlin vacillation to the dictates of the Czar. Europe is already Cossack.

We speak of governments, not of nations. Everywhere the people are Republican; everywhere their rulers are Cossack,—and the great conflict of the age is between these two. That Europe is already Cossack, is in part the curse of the prophet upon her soil. Napoleon prepared the way for that which he predicted. He destroyed Republicanism in Europe. We do not say that he did this of design; his ulterior designs for the countries that he overran with his victorious armies were not fulfilled, and cannot be confidently known. He has the credit of having overthrown feudalism, and broken down despotic power in Italy. But the Revolution had done this before him, or had prepared the way. His idea of Italian nationality was good, but not that of making Italy a mere dependency of the French Empire.

Had he given to Italy the nationality of free, self-governing states, allied under a common head, he would have reared a bulwark against despotism in southern Europe in all after ages. But go now to Genoa; tread the deserted hall of the Council of the Republic that once ruled the Levant and planted its standards upon the Bosphorus; go to Venice, and tread the vacant courts of the palace of the doges; look upon the empty harbor of the once potent maritime Republic that transferred to the gates of St. Mark the old guardians of the Piræus; see her venerable arsenal under a foreign flag and her gay Piazza thronged with the bullying minions of Austria; go to Milan, and see this beautiful capital of the once independent Lombards converted into a fortress of the House of Hapsburgh, garrisoned by 30 000 Austrian troops; and you see how Napoleon, by destroying existing liberties for the aggrandizement of his own empire, paved the way for the easier triumph of despotism in his fall. Napoleon aimed to be a creator,—he proved to be but a spoiler. The "regenerator of Europe" built roads and bridges for the Cossack to march his barbarous hordes over the ancient soil of freedom.

Europe is Cossack. Yes, and England has helped make it Cossack. All the wars of England in Continental Europe were for legitimacy for hereditary power, for the established despotisms against which the people were struggling. Little as the wars of Napoleon accomplished for freedom, the wars against Napoleon were waged in favor of despotism and against the people. England—herself owing everything to Constitutional Freedom,—threw the weight of her wealth, her influence, her armies, upon the side of hereditary and unconstrained despotism. For this she had her Wellington and Waterloo, for this she has her pæans and Te Deums endlessly. But England is now in a state of transition. Her armies fight no more for despotism. Her Commons vote no more subsidies for the support of legitimacy on the Continent. Her people are ready rather to shoulder the musket for the oppressed of Italy and Hungary. But her cabinet, jealous for legitimacy and aristocracy at home, prefer a stolid peace to the risks of such a war, and they keep the peace by yielding to the Czar every iota of his demands, and almost coercing the Sultan into compliance. Thus England herself is Cossack.

But where is Republicanism meanwhile? Not dead. "Cast down, but not destroyed." Republicanism still lives: lives in the hearts of the people; lives in secret organizations that cover Europe with their net-work; lives in the great leaders whose names are towers of strength. Not for nothing has God preserved the lives of Mazzini and Kossuth, men who in their fall have a stronger hold upon the confidence of their countrymen than they had even in the height of their success; men whose presence in their respective countries would stir the enthusiasm of the masses of the people, and urge on a determined if not successful struggle for freedom. Republicanism is not dead. Europe is Cossack in its governments and their policy; but in the hearts of the people burns the fire of liberty that shall yet upheave the strongest thrones. Nothing can hinder the grand conflict between freedom and despotism, for which the abortive revolutions of this century have been disciplining the masses in Europe.

That conflict may be near. The rumor of war declared by Turkey against Russia, if confirmed by the next steamer, will show it to have already begun. This war will not be merely between Russia and Turkey. The armies of Russia will be fully occupied for some time to come with the vast semi-barbarous hordes that Turkey has marshaled for the conflict. Meantime Hungary and Italy will free themselves of Austrian tyranny, and will make common cause with the Turk. If Louis Napoleon, who after having provoked the demands of Russia upon Turkey by his own claim upon the "holy places" has deserted his eastern ally, should now ally himself with his brother in perfidy for the divisions of the spoils, then the conquest of Turkey may be easy,—but what shall we see in France? And will not the people of England compel the ministry to withstand the advent of a Universal Despotism.

Turkey is doomed. For causes which we have already enumerated, she must sometime fall. But she will not die without a struggle. The conflict will be long and fearful:—the lighting up of a general conflagration.

And where meantime is Christianity? Safe in the midst of the conflict, and calmly abiding the issue. Already has evangelical Christianity gained such a hold upon the community in Turkey that no change of outward events can destroy its life. Russia or France would drive out our missionaries or cramp their labors; but cannot destroy their work. Mohammedanism must go down. Perhaps the Greek church will succeed it, perhaps the Latin church; perhaps both will perish in the struggle for ascendancy. There are deeper principles at work than those that are apparent. The conflict is not only to be between Republicanism and Despotism, but between Christ and Anti Christ.

The attitude of this nation toward the approaching conflict is more and more a matter of interest to all who watch its progress. We must not rush blindly into the struggle. We *must* keep out of the physical conflict, if we can. But the scouted prediction of Kossuth, that the United States would yet have to meet, face to face, the advances of Russian despotism, is likely to be verified upon the coasts of Japan. Would that as a nation we were without sin; that no territorial aggrandizement, no wars of conquest, no local despotism, stained our history and marred our front before the world. Would that a pure Freedom, maintained by Justice and Truth, could look this great usurping Despotism in the face, till it had looked it down.

MEANNESS OF DESPOTISM.

Despotism is essentially and always mean. It in the consciousness of power it would put on a bold face and force through its unjust demands, one might have some such respect for it as is felt even for courageous villainy. But despotism always prefers to work by stealth, rather than to stalk forth in the light of day. It seizes a legislative body by night, without warning, thrusts its members into prison or sends them into exile, and shoots down clerks and seamstresses upon the public streets; it springs a trap upon its unwary victims, and tries to circumvent those whom it dares not face. It can never justify itself before the world. Has not despotism a conscience that gives it troublous dreams?

The termination of the Kosta case illustrates these remarks. Austria seized upon this unoffending man by trickery and brute violence. Baffled in her design by the honest courage of an American commander, and afraid to face her own deed, she now attempts to sneak out of the affair by the statement that Kosta was seized only with a view to getting some clue to the lost regalia of Hungary, and that since these are found the government consents to his release. A cut-throat way of getting jewels truly.

Now we do not remember an instance of the arrest or the attempted arrest of a fugitive slave, that was not conducted upon some false representation. Either the victim was seized by stealth, or he was accused of crime, or he was summoned as a witness, or he was decoyed by some base artifice into the man-trap. This law, which was passed to save the Union, and obedience to which has been set forth as the sum of all righteousness, this embodiment of the Patriotism and the Religion of these United States, cannot be brought into open day. It is the offspring of despotism, and therefore it begets in all concerned in its execution the meanness of despotism. One of the worst features of the law is its debasing effect upon its agents. And the worst evils are to be feared for a nation, when by pandering to despotism it degrades law and the officers of law in the estimation of the people.

A MODEL VILLAGE.

The Utica papers give an interesting account of the reception of BENJAMIN S. WALCOTT, Esq., of New York Mills, by the operatives of his establishment, on his return from a tour of twelve months in Europe and the East. All the workpeople of the several factories, with their children, in their holiday suits, numbering upwards of a thousand persons, marched in procession to the large new factory building, where arrangements had been made for the public reception of their beloved and venerable employer. A hall, decorated with banners, flowers, and mottoes, was appropriated to the public exercises. After suitable music, Mr. Walcott was welcomed in a very neat address, to which he responded in a feeling manner. He then briefly recounted his travels and contrasted the condition of the laboring classes in other countries with that of the operatives in New York Mills. The company then adjourned to the spacious dining hall, where a substantial repast was in waiting. Here the festivities were diversified with music and addresses, and the company separated with mutual congratulations and good wishes. This entertainment was got up by the operatives themselves at an expense of some *Two Thousand Dollars*. The reception was planned by them, and all the arrangements were made by working at extra hours.

We doubt whether there is another such instance upon record. The late English papers give an account of the opening of Mr. Titus Salt's great Alpaca works near Bradford,—the largest manufactory in the world. On that occasion Mr. Salt, with characteristic liberality, gave a munificent entertainment to his workpeople and his fellow-citizens. But at New York Mills the entertainment was given by the operatives to their employer, who knew nothing of their intention until he reached his home. *How much does this fact speak for the prosperity* of the operatives and the harmony between them and their employer. It is no less honorable to them than to him. We believe it is upwards of forty years since Mr. Walcott, then somewhat distinguished for his mechanical genius in his native State of Rhode Island, removed to central New York to superintend the erection of a cotton factory; and for some thirty years he has been a principal proprietor in the New York Mills, which owe much of their celebrity and their growing prosperity to his foresight, industry, skill, prudence and energy. In this long period, Mr. W. has greatly endeared himself to the numerous persons in his employment. His aim has been not only to produce a superior style of cotton fabrics, but to gather around him a manufacturing community of the best materials and character. He has fostered temperance, education, and religion, and has encouraged his work-people to buy their houses,—which he has secured to them upon favorable terms,—and thus to accumulate property for themselves. Many of the operatives are permanent residents, and proprietors of real estate; and the village will compare favorably with any manufacturing village in New England, upon the score of temperance and general good morals.

Having nearly reached his three score years and ten, Mr. Walcott set out a year ago upon a foreign tour for the benefit of his health. The writer met him and his estimable lady at Paris in December last; and traveled in their company for six months, embracing the tour of Southern Europe, Egypt, the Arabian desert, and Palestine. From his observation of his venerable companion day after day, he can well understand how his uniform frankness, amenity, and equanimity, and his intelligent and kindly interest in everybody and everything, should have gained for him the respect and confidence manifested in this recent demonstration. He can bear witness, also, that the welfare of those in his employment was continually present in the thoughts and the prayers of Mr. Walcott during his long absence, and that he procured for several of them substantial and valuable mementoes, which they have no doubt ere this joyfully received. The whole affair thus chronicled speaks volumes for the dignity and the success of American labor. What could Socialism do more or better than this?

It may heighten the interest of this brief sketch to add an incident from the journal of the writer, just as it was entered in February last, upon the Nile.

Prof. Upham and myself had gone ashore in the small boat, for a walk along the bank, and had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, to where an English boat was lying, with whose company we were conversing, when our attention was attracted by the violent gesticulations of their reis and dragoman. At first we understood that our boat was aground—which certainly was no new occurrence; next that the little boat was upset—which only argued that the reis and the boy who brought us ashore had got a wetting; but when we made out that a lady and gentleman were in the water, the matter became more serious, and we ran back at the top of our speed. On the way, a sailor from another boat met us, crying in broken English, "Come, come, master fall in water, and *died*." Our hearts sank within us. Every possibility in the case was present in an instant, and in the few moments consumed in reaching the boat, we had gone through with every known expedient for resuscitation, with sad funeral scenes, with strange responsibilities, with broken plans and a melancholy journey homeward. But to our unspeakable joy, the first sight of our *dahabéeh* showed us our worthy friends standing on the shore, all dripping wet, but able to stand alone. They had attempted to follow us in the boat, which is a mere cockle-shell, but in getting in had thrown their weight too much upon one side, and in an instant the boat upset, throwing them into ten feet of water. Most of the sailors were on shore dragging the *dahabéeh*, and all could not leave the rope, but several jumped into the river, and our friends were buoyed up by the reis until they were delivered, fortunately before they had sunk, but just as the lady was losing strength and consciousness. It was a wonderful deliverance. The sailors were all deeply impressed by it, and continued solemn throughout the day. One or two were even made sick by the shock. The more devout among them accompanied their salutations with most significant gestures toward heaven, and they all multiplied their kind attentions. The steersman, in particular, who had leaped overboard for their rescue, was most devoutly joyful over their deliverance, and most studiously devoted to their comfort. Had we possessed a knowledge of the Arabic we might have made the occasion profitable to the crew.

Our friends escaped with no evil effect but a slight cold. It was singular that a little store of medicines, with which the thoughtful kindness of a medical friend had furnished me, should have been first opened upon such an occasion. A season of devout thanksgiving followed this joyful deliverance. How strange that we had crossed the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and had traveled 6000 miles without accident, and yet two of our number had been nearly drowned upon the Nile, where we had not dreamed of danger. How near this thought brought us to Him whose care and love sustain us everywhere, whose protection we had sought and acknowledged every day, but now saw and felt as if a hand had been stretched out from heaven to our aid. A party of four invalids, beset with various infirmities, had traveled together for two months and over three thousand miles, without one day's detention from sickness or accident; yet here, upon a quiet morning, on a peaceful river, within forty feet of the shore, the grave had yawned under us, and had well-nigh swallowed up two of our number. Our emotions found expression in the language of Scripture, in the language of prayer, in mutual exhortations, and in the following stanzas of hymns in the "Connecticut" selection, which had found a place in my miniature library—

"My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days:
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

Thine arms of everlasting love,
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

Back from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

Where thou ordainest my abode,
There would I choose to be;
For by thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee."—H. 667.

"In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praises thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

The suggestion of the following communication meets a want that we have long felt to exist, but have not known how to remedy. We have ourselves served as a sort of Ecole iastical Intelligence Office, till we have found the burden of such calls too grievous to be borne. One object of the *Congregational Union* is to facilitate the intercourse between vacant churches and unsettled ministers, by simply giving *information* to each of the other. Any applications of this sort from churches or ministers, instead of being addressed to the over-burdened pastors of the city, should hereafter be sent to Rev. Timothy Atkinson, Secretary of the Union.

But ministers and churches should not think of using the Union for their own accommodation, without contributing to its support. Let every minister and every church member become a subscriber to the Union, either by a yearly or a life membership, and do what he can to induce others to join it, and the Union will soon be able to keep such records and to publish such statistics, as will greatly relieve the difficulties of which we complain.

For the Independent.

A MINISTERIAL DIRECTORY.

During a recent visit in New England, I had occasion to learn that many, very many, of the churches in different sections were destitute of ministers. I suppose that this is not only true in New England, but that it is necessarily true also throughout the country. To some extent this is unavoidable of course, but there need be very few permanent vacancies. If there be a real deficiency in the number of ministers, I think there is piety enough in the Church to dedicate her young men to the service.

But it has occurred to me that there should be some more efficient mode of communication between the churches which have not pastors and those ministers who are not settled. There are always numbers of newly-licensed preachers who spend month after month in writing to friends and ministers, and in looking after situations. Much time is lost in this way, when by proper management they might be directed to suitable fields. I have a plan to suggest, whereby these errant ministers and vacant churches (at least in our own denomination) may be brought together. Let a record be opened in the office of the *American Congregational Union* in New York, of churches whose pastorship is vacant, and another record, if need be, of ministers waiting for situations, and there will be little delay in settling all who wish to be located. Such a record will not only serve the purpose of an Intelligence Office for the Church and its ministers—will not only save time and trouble—but will also afford a certain knowledge of the condition and prospects of the Church in reference to the ministerial office. The questions, whether or not laborers are wanting, and where they are most needed, would soon be settled. A similar record might be kept in Boston and other large cities. System in respect to such points as these is much needed in the Congregational Church. It brings dishonor upon the cause of Christ, when pulpits in our land remain vacant through our negligence.

REVIRESCO.

APPEAL FOR THE PRESS OF THE PACIFIC.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to publish in your columns the following statement and letters. In 1851, the few ministers of the Presbyterian (N. S.) and Congregational order in California, commenced the publication of a religious newspaper, *The Pacific*—its editor and proprietor, Rev. J. W. Douglass. Under the circumstances of the country, it was felt to be not only desirable but necessary to have this paper, if we would do our work,—if the whole State should feel, upon its institutions and character, the influence of our ministry. No press could be obtained,—no fund. The expense of the paper at the office has been $24 000 for two years. The mountains have been ranged every half year for subscribers, so fluctuating has the population been as to require this expense and toil. It is no wonder that the paper is in debt $5000, besides the editor's salary. Gentlemen of San Francisco, and other cities of California, have done nobly; but they have upon them also the burden of churches *from the beginning*, and the support of the ministry, and the various calls of benevolence and charity. They have done in these things far beyond their proportion, as duty is assigned here. Yet the paper will there be set free from its liabilities, and, if possible, more also. But for a *press*, that expenses may be diminished,—for a fund to give it independence, for the aid which all religious papers require in the outset, it must look to the East.

The same expense of renewing subscriptions and extending the list, must be renewed, and again and again for years, until society is more settled and business systematic.

The paper is regarded there by all *simply as a necessity*. We cannot here rehearse the good it has already done; the circumstances yet existing which make it so necessary that, rather than dispense with it, we could better afford to give up some of our greatly needed pulpits,—few as we have, reared as they have been at such cost and pains, and aid and interest, of many noble men among us.

If one can know what California has been and is, and has any appreciation of the pow which an independent, high-toned religious jnt can wield in a new State, where religious fluences are few, going into the hands of corpt officials who seek to despoil the State visiting weekly the reckless in towns, the isolat in ravines, going to encourage and unite se good, reaching numbers all over the Statethe only paper that many see, the only religis visitation that thousands have,—one who is been in circumstances to appreciate those fings can know the need of sustaining this per. The difficulties are numerous, yet the aper must live; and if we can secure here a pre and fund (in all $10,000), *The Pacific* shall bmade perpetual, and its influence be greatly charged.

It is asked of the East as now the lost important addition that can now be made i the agency which you have already sent to or State.

The paper cannot live without it. To attempt to raise it there, would be pressing tings injuriously upon those who have now to o there in five years the work of a generation,-building up all at once institutions of religion ad benevolence to meet the wants of a sudden eneration of inhabitants.

An earnest request is urged by your inistors; a special application is required not beause the societies would be unwilling to mee us with benefactions. It does not come wisin their province.

The following extracts are taken frm letters recently dated at San Francisco. Thefirst, from Rev. William Speer to the editor, illustrates the connection which such an organ as he *Pacific* must have with every other effort at usefulness upon our western coast:—"It gives me great pleasure to have the opportunity of expressing my high gratification on account of he cordial spirit with which your paper has entered into my plans for preaching the Gospel to the Chinese, and to make this acknowledgement o the share which the success, with which my initiatory labors have been crowned, owes to the kind and active assistance rendered by your paper. It must be an important auxiliary to *the missionary work in this part of the world*; and I cordially hope that you may receive from those interested in the spiritual influence of California he material aid you need."

Major A. B. Eaton, a gentleman second to none in every good work in California, says:—"I regard the continuation, enlargement and perfecting of the *Pacific* as of very great importance to the interests of evangelical religion on this coast and throughout the vast conterminous field now so rapidly opening to civilization and the Gospel. The failure of your enterprise would be the extinguishment of a light of much hope and great promise, and would set us back on the dial of progress much beyond ourdate. I should regard it a calamity ominous of evil."

Rev. Mr. Willey writes under date of July 27:—"At this time (the close of the second volume) Mr. Douglass found that he was behind some $5 000. He could not go on. He was at much in debt he did not dare go farther. I proposed to Mr. Hunt to go and see some of his bat men and I would mine, and we would point them to the *Pacific* as a piece of public property, and ask them what they would do with it—see it die, or *make* it live. And this right upon Mr. Speer's collection of twenty thousand dollars for the Chinese chapel mainly from these very men; they having given $500 apiece. All individually said the paper must go on; but didn't see exactly *how*. It was proposed that a few gentlemen meet and confer. Accordingly they met at 5 o'clock. I made the statement. Good and appreciable things were said, briefly, by the gentlemen of the paper. When Mr. Dow said, 'I will give $50 a month for six months, to the paper,' 'And I,' 'And I,' said Capt. Knight, and Mr. Haight, and Mr. Flint, and Mr. Dana, and Judge Waller, and Mr. Beals; which made up the requisite sum. Was't that prompt, San Francisco like? Didn't I feel proud of such a phalanx of generous, faithful men?

"*But* one of the things I told them was this, that by the time this six months expires we hope confidently that you can get help to us from *home*. This encouraged them to give, although having already given very largely to other things. And now we turn to you.

"Here is again an argument which—This prompt action shows how much value our best citizens attach to the paper. And they do this to bridge over a time of difficulty, in the hope that our friends at home will put funds at our disposal by that time. These could not by any means be expected to do so again; I would not think of asking it. A few men only bear the burden here; and a heavy one it is. But this appeal was so kindly and generously met, that I feel it to be a noble omen for California. Had it not been a desperate case, I assure you I never could have called these gentlemen together *under the circumstances*, and have made these statements to them. It was a case of life and death, and that was the only chance of life. The existence of the paper is *held* to our common cause."

Rev. Mr. Corwin, of San José, writes, August 11: "Will not our friends in the East give us $10,000? I know of no way in which the same amount can be expended to better advantage among us, so far as the relative importance of human instrumentalities is considered. If $10 000 expended in building up missionary churches would establish five new churches in the destitute portions of the State, and supply them with pastors for five years, I should regard it as a poor investment compared with its use in sustaining a paper which adds so much to the influence of every Congregational and Presbyterian pulpit in the State. Much as we need an addition to our missionary force, we need the *Pacific* more; for it is one of the most efficient means for the preaching of the Gospel to the destitute."

It is proposed that the funds sought for this object shall be secured to the use of the paper through a perpetual Board of Trustees, to be appointed equally by the Presbytery of San Francisco and the Congregational Association of California. And if the paper, at any time, shall cease to require the use of the funds, the Trustees shall use them for other similar religious purposes, according to their own judgment, or as the donors may direct.

Rev I. H. Brayton will be happy to receive communications upon the subject: addressed to the care of the secretaries of the Am. Home Miss. Society, New York.

NEW YORK, October 17, 1853.

We regard the object presented in the foregoing circular as one of vital importance to the interests of religion in California. The *Pacific* has proved a valuable auxiliary of every moral and religious enterprise; and as such has strong claims upon the benevolent for the aid necessary for its support. And Mr. Brayton has been familiar with its history, and his statements are entitled to entire confidence.

MILTON BADGER,
CHARLES HALL,
DAVID B. COE,
} Sec'ys of A. H. M. S.

FROM OUR REGULAR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

X . . . , Sept. 2858.

To the Editors of the Independent:

GENTLEMEN:—The meeting for the defense and propagation of religious liberty, of which I spoke to you in one of my former letters, has taken place towards the close of last month at Hamburg, near Frankfort-upon-the-Main. Nineteen delegates from England, Germany, Switzerland and France, were present. Letters of adhesion from the Netherlands, Sweden and Italy, were read. The Earl of Shaftesbury was chosen President; Rev. Fred. Monod, of Paris, and Rev. Dr. Steane, of Camberwell, were chosen Secretaries of the meeting. It is to be regretted that no American was present at Hamburg. Many were abroad, doubtless, and several were certainly near. Were they, perhaps, not invited? or if invited, were they, perhaps, too much in a hurry? Whatever may be the case, I regret it, and take this opportunity of expressing the wish that, henceforth, American christians in Europe, either travelers or residents—even political agents—should make it a point to show themselves, in every circumstance, meeting, &c., where Christianity or religious liberty are concerned. But to return. Although nothing as yet has been officially published of the proceedings of the Hamburg Conference, we have been informed of its main resolutions. The first is an acknowledgment of the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and to propagate his own creed; the second restricts the action of the Conference to persecuted evangelical Christians only. By a third resolution, a provisional committee for the defense and propagation of religious liberty, and an *executive committee*, were instituted. It was also resolved that another meeting, more numerous than the first—a real congress for religious liberty,—shall meet in 1854, in some central city of the Continent. I earnestly hope that Americans will be invited and will come. I am no more in favor of *non-intervention*, and hope the selfish doctrine is every day losing ground among you.

I forgot to say that the Hamburg Conference has sent a deputation to the *Kirchentag*, or great German ecclesiastical assembly, which meets this year in Berlin, to expose before that body their principles, and to ask for its concurrence. I wonder how they will be received; for most of the evangelical men of Germany are far from being fond of religious liberty, and are, in that respect, little better than papists. Besides, it would be curious to see the representatives of the Prussian churches take side for religious liberty, just after having received through their *superior* council an order of the king, which, in fact, invites them to persecute whosoever shall be a dissenter from the Established Church. "Let ecclesiastical authorities," says the king, "take care that attempts to disturb the order of the church be not left unpunished." But of this there is very little danger; for, like their king, many of the evangelical theologians of Prussia consider the principles of religious freedom as very dangerous and very revolutionary, and look upon it, in consequence, with perfect horror.

The Evangelical Society of France, in which so many, in America, take a lively interest, has just published a *bulletin* to inform its friends of its situation. After giving an account of the recent sentences against their missionaries, and of the usual persecutions inflicted upon the work by our *dear* government; after, also, relating facts illustrative of the spiritual encouragements received from God, the Committee present to their friends a statement of their financial condition. To balance accounts next April, 184,196 francs should be received. "This situation," says the Committee, "is neither extraordinary nor in the least alarming, however it is to be deplored, as showing that, in spite of all our efforts to secure to the society better financial arrangements, we have failed to improve in that respect. As usual, we have received nothing during the three months following the close of our financial year; although we had to pay sometimes several thousand francs a day." The result has been that, although assured by our past experience that resources would come in the end, we have been compelled to borrow money, to satisfy the unceasing wants of the work." The closing sentence of this short pamphlet is as follows:—"We feel assured that, in so critical a position, we can depend upon the sympathy and prayers, and gifts of our friends. It is easy to understand how much we want contributions, seeing that on the one hand law-suits cost very dear, and on the other, that we have dismissed *none* of our missionaries."

I trust this appeal will be heard in America, and the *American and Foreign Christian Union* will have to report many donations *for the Evangelical Society of France*.

The 31st day of August last, and the 1st of September, have witnessed scenes of the deepest interest among the Waldenses of Piedmont. On the morning of the last of August, an immense assembly, gathered from all the villages of the valleys, crowded the newly-built *temple* of Torre—too small for the occasion—in order to attend the ordination of five new ministers. Among the candidates was the excellent and learned Dr. De Sanctis, formerly rector of the Magdalena, in Rome, and Professor of Theology. There he came, among a small, long-despised and persecuted church, to be intrusted with the ministry of the word, and accounting it a greater honor to become the servant of such a church, than all the honors which an apostate church can bestow. As to the people, you may easily realize their joy at seeing one of those very men—those priests, so long their persecutors—come humbly to join them publicly, and without exposing them to the least molestation. More still. The clergy. All your readers do not, perhaps, remember the fact, that the Waldenses, after centuries of persecution, had been thrust out of their mountain homes, and that, unable to bear a longer exile, they started, after three years, under the command of Arnaud, their minister and military leader, to take them again by the force of arms. Nothing in history can be more admirable than the heroism of that little band, overcoming armies twenty times more numerous, and through sufferings of every description never daunted, literally resuming their old homes and settling there again in peace. When they found themselves again on the beloved soil of their valleys, the little army, surrounded with foes, and having still in prospect more sufferings than they had yet endured, transformed themselves into a religious assembly, and listened to the exhortations and prayers of one of them. Then a National Council was held, when they organized themselves into a body politic, giving themselves laws, and securing among themselves order and justice. This being done, they agreed to make together a solemn covenant, each taking beforehand a solemn oath of maintaining the common cause, and remaining united for the possession of their homes. They also swore to each other to put in common the plunder of war, and consecrate all to Jesus Christ, to endeavor to deliver their brethren from the captivity of Babylon, and to maintain His kingdom even unto death. Of this oath of union and faithfulness, called the *oath of Sibaud*—this being the name of the place where it was taken, the Waldenses were celebrating, after 200 years, the anniversary on the 1st inst. The vast assembly first united in prayer to render thanks to God for his great mercies; then the Word of God was read, and a song—*the Return of the Exile*, composed for the occasion, was sung. Then a discourse was delivered, previous to the reading of the *oath*, in which the people were reminded of the glorious deeds of their fathers, of God's fidelity to them, and of the obligations incumbent upon the descendants of a people of martyrs. The reading *Del Giuramento* was most impressive, and the spirit of the days of old mingled with deep feelings of gratitude, pervaded the hearts of all present, men, women and children. Prayers, religious and patriotic songs and speeches, small meetings scattered over the green plain, where families and friends took together a rustic and cheerful meal, occupied the rest of the time; and it would be difficult to describe with what feelings of joy and regret each little group left the hallowed spot, when came the hour of parting.

FRANC PARLEUR.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF A BRITISH LADY IN TUSCANY.

BY OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

Lord Clarendon has this week received an official communication from the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, British Chargé at Florence, which proves in a startling manner that the Grand Duke and the priests do not intend the new and savage criminal laws of Tuscany to be a dead letter. Miss Cunninghame, a Scottish lady traveling with her friends in Italy, has been arrested and imprisoned under these laws within a fortnight of the day when the new code first came into operation. Her crime is the dissemination of copies, or a copy, of the New Testament, and of the Pilgrim's Progress, in a village near the baths of Lucca. The arrest took place the day before the party intended leaving Tuscany for Naples and Rome. The Grand Duke himself was at Lucca, in the penitentiary of which place Miss Cunninghame is imprisoned. The inferior authorities declared they were acting under the highest orders, and could not in any degree relax in their obedience, and though unwell, the lady was removed under charge of gendarmes to Lucca. The correspondent of the *Christian Times* adds these particulars:

"Miss Cunninghame was accompanied to Lucca by two friends of her family, who took every step which friendship or patriotism could suggest in such a trying case. One of these gentlemen, a person connected with her own country—Sir William Millar, of Barskimming—made an immediate but ineffectual attempt to have the whole matter quashed, by going directly to the Grand Duke, who is now staying at the baths of Lucca. His Royal Highness would not accord him an interview. Sir W. Millar and his friend the Rev. Mr. Gordon, after accompanying Miss Cunninghame to Lucca, and again attempting to mollify the local authorities, who, however, declared that they were but instruments of a higher will, proceeded directly to Florence, and laid all the circumstances of the case before the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, now acting as Chargé d'Affaires, in the temporary absence of Sir Henry Bulwer. Not a moment was lost by Mr. Scarlett in bringing the case before the ministers now in Florence.

"But the Grand Duke was inexorable. In reply to the urgent request of Mr. Scarlett to have the matter quashed, he declared that justice must take its course. The Grand Duchess expresses regret for the situation of Miss Cunninghame, but refuses to interfere. The individual dispositions of the members of the ministry are more favorable. M. Lami, the Minister of Justice, will hurry on the trial as fast as possible, and then obtain an immediate exercise of the Grand Ducal clemency. But on what ground he anticipates that his Royal Highness is more likely to relent a few weeks hence than now, I cannot tell."

The Earl of Shaftesbury accompanied a deputation to Lord Clarendon, in order to represent the case, and to urge the Foreign Minister to action. The deputation found him in full possession of the facts, and desirous of using the utmost influence of the British Government in representations to the Grand Duke. It is unfortunate that Sir H. Bulwer is not at his post, but it appears that Mr. Scarlett has evinced zeal and promptitude. The lady is said to be a lineal descendant of John Knox.

The following are the articles of the new and savage penal code under the grasp of which Miss Cunninghame is brought:

REGARDING OFFENSES AGAINST THE RELIGION OF THE STATE.

Art. 134.—Any person exciting a sedition, or even taking advantage of a tumult proceeding from another object, or having put himself at the head of the same, to destroy or alter the religion of the State in Tuscany, is punished with death.

Art. 137, Sec 1.—Any person attacking the religion of the State by means of public addresses, or of writings in manuscript, or printed, or of pictorial illustrations, distributed, placarded, exhibited, or otherwise brought to public notice, is punished,

(A)—With the House of Correction for five to ten years, if his purpose have been to propagate impious doctrines, or to separate from the Catholic Church persons who have belonged to the same; and

(B)—With from one to five years' imprisonment if his intention were only to scandalize religion.

Sec. 2.—Any person employing private instruction, or proselyting (seduzione), for the object contemplated under letter A of the preceding section, is subject to from three to seven years of the House of Correction.

There can be no doubt that Lord Clarendon will take up this case vigorously, and that as victims who were his own subjects were released the prison house of the Grand Duke, so this British lady will be rescued. But something more than this is needed. The common sense and common humanity of the world cannot thus be outraged. The English mind must be moved. Pietists must learn from this a larger sympathy with Italy, and help to enlighten public opinion upon the question, *Who is my neighbor?* A firmer tone must be given to our government in respect to foreign affairs, unless the British name is to fall into contempt. Such regal, papal, and grand church atrocities as late years have witnessed, must be dealt with by means other than the conventionalities of diplomacy.

AGRICOLA.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

HOME MISSIONS.

The "Home Missionary" for November, contains selections from the correspondence of missionaries of the A. H. M. S. in California, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. Receipts for the month, $5,791.

PLACERVILLE, CAL.—Rev. James Pierpont arrived at this place on the 4th of March. He was kindly welcomed by the Methodist preacher, who occupied the only church edifice in the place, where he invited Mr. P. to preach two Sabbaths. A large room was then provided, where a congregation has been gathered, and now arrangements are made for a meeting house, 44 by 32, at a cost of $3,000, all raised. A beginning has been made towards the restoration of the Sabbath, several leading merchants having agreed to close their stores. It is an important place, with 6,000 inhabitants, and the thoroughfare of the overland immigration.

"A Presbyterian church has been organized, and now, after our second communion, we number 16 members. We have two services on the Sabbath, one in the morning and one in the evening. In the P. M. our Sabbath-school convenes, numbering from 15 to 20 children. A donation of $60 in books, from the Brick Church in Rochester, N. Y., adds greatly to the interest of our school here, at this season. All your readers do not, perhaps, remember the fact, that the Waldenses, after centuries of persecution, had been thrust out of their mountain homes, and that, unable to bear a longer exile, they started, after three years, under the command of Arnaud, their minister and military leader, to take them again by the force of arms. Nothing in history can be more admirable than the heroism of that little band, overcoming armies twenty times more numerous, and through sufferings of every description never daunted, literally resuming their old homes and settling there again in peace. When they found themselves again on the beloved soil of their valleys, the little army, surrounded with foes, and having still in prospect more sufferings than they had yet endured, transformed themselves into a religious assembly, and listened to the exhortations and prayers of one of them. Then a National Council was held, when they organized themselves into a body politic, giving themselves laws, and securing among themselves order and justice. This being done, they agreed to make together a solemn covenant, each taking beforehand a solemn oath of maintaining the common cause, and remaining united for the possession of their homes. They also swore to each other to put in common the plunder of war, and consecrate all to Jesus Christ, to endeavor to deliver their brethren from the captivity of Babylon, and to maintain His kingdom even unto death. Of this oath of union and faithfulness, called the *oath of Sibaud*—this being the name of the place where it was taken, the Waldenses were celebrating, after 200 years, the anniversary on the 1st inst. The vast assembly first united in prayer to render thanks to God for his great mercies; then the Word of God was read, and a song—*the Return of the Exile*, composed for the occasion, was sung. Then a discourse was delivered, previous to the reading of the *oath*, in which the people were reminded of the glorious deeds of their fathers, of God's fidelity to them, and of the obligations incumbent upon the descendants of a people of martyrs. The reading *Del Giuramento* was most impressive, and the spirit of the days of old mingled with deep feelings of gratitude, pervaded the hearts of all present, men, women and children. Prayers, religious and patriotic songs and speeches, small meetings scattered over the green plain, where families and friends took together a rustic and cheerful meal, occupied the rest of the time; and it would be difficult to describe with what feelings of joy and regret each little group left the hallowed spot, when came the hour of parting.

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a papal or any other hierarchy, or a class above or aside from our brethren, but simply ambassadors of Christ, your servants for Jesus' sake. The chiefest of the Apostles desired no higher rank, and with it we are abundantly satisfied.

"You see then, my brethren, what is the New Testament idea of a church of Christ; it is a company of believers, each one united to Christ and pervaded by his spirit, and each one devoting every talent, whether ordinary or peculiar, to the work of evangelizing the world. When a company of disciples is collected together in a particular community, they are the leaven by which Christ intends that whole community to be leavened. By virtue of their discipleship they are called upon to accomplish this work, and it is their duty, in his strength, to attempt it. He did not light that candle to place it under a bushel. Every individual is to become at once a herald of salvation. Those endowed with aptness to teach are to be sent to destitute and forgotten places in the vicinity, to the highways and hedges, to compel men to come to the gospel supper. The ministry are to devote to this work their whole time, as ensamples and leaders of the flock; surveying the whole field and suggesting to each brother his appropriate sphere of labor. Let the disciples of Christ thus obey the Master in the most depraved city among us, and, by the grace of God, its whole population would soon be subdued unto Christ."

Theodore Parker has published a "Friendly Letter to the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, touching their new Unitarian Creed, or General Proclamation of Unitarian Views"; in which he uses with great pungency the old weapons which twenty or thirty years ago Unitarians were accustomed to employ against the Orthodox, on the subject of creeds. pp. 20. Published by B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston.

The "Thirteenth Annual Report of the American and Foreign Anti Slavery Society" is a document of 216 pages, wholly taken up with an elaborate and minute historical sketch of the events of the year ending in July last, bearing upon the subject of slavery; with a full table of contents, and a complete alphabetical index of matters. It contains an immense amount of authentic information, and is a treasury of reliable facts and documents. The yearly publication and circulation of such documents by the Society is alone ample warrant for its continued support; but this is only a small portion of its labors, which will one day be duly appreciated.

Pudney & Russell, 79 John-street, have reprinted from De Bow's Review for October, a "Reply to the Objections of the London *Economist* against the Memphis Convention of Southern Planters." By J. E. Tuell. The author professes to institute an examination of the theory of labor, by comparing the "white free system of Europe" with the "black slave system of the United States," but his work is a very superficial one. pp 12.

"Sir Brasil's Falcon, a Poem, by Fitz-James O'Brien," purports to be taken from the September number of the "United States Review." pp. 10.

We have four new tracts from the American Reform Tract Society at Cincinnati. A slavery tract for children, one on "Voting for Righteous men," and a "Slavery and the Bible"—and then Rev. S. Judd's odd discourse on "The Little Coat."

The "Constitution of the First Trinitarian Congregational church of St. Louis," Rev. T. M. Post, pastor, with a list of members, pp. 20.

The "Sixteenth Annual Report of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church," as presented to the General Assembly, O. S., in May last, makes 76 and xii pages. Receipts, $117,882; of which $79,849 came from 1286 churches, an average of $62. Of 120 members of the Board, only 42 attended the annual meeting.

"Communion of Saints; or Seventeen Reasons for not being a Close Communion Baptist; in answer to the Inquiry of a few Converts." By Rev. R. H. Conklin. Printed by M. B. Young, Providence. pp. 30.

"An Essay on Congregational Church Polity; read before the Congregational Association of Chicago." By Rev. J. M. Williams. Published at the request of the Association. pp. 16. The closing paragraphs are good—all but the violation of correct taste in the use of the feminine pronoun.

"Prelates and dignitaries, and the cold splendor of prelatic formality, are in dreadful antithesis to the deep simplicity of the pilgrim polity. She is the handmaid and conservator of spiritual life. Churchisms and formalisms gain rarely by from her influence. She is the conservator, too, of a *sound theology*. Hierarchies, ritualisms and outward pleasures are poorly fitted to trammeled range of God's free universe is essential to healthy mental action. All spiritual depotisms tend to stultify the intellect, as they do to falsify the heart.

"Congregationalism has a rich history. It is older than the Vatican, older than any other existing form of church polity. It has ever been the foe of tyranny, civil and spiritual. It has fought manfully, in the front ranks, the battles of freedom. It has blessed every church which has adopted it. We honor it for what it has done, and love it for what it is."

"The Word of Life; a Living Ministry; and a Living Church." A sermon preached at Meadville, Pa., before the graduating class in the Theological School, by Rev. F. D. Huntington, of Boston. pp. 34. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

QUARTERLIES.

The "Mercersburg Quarterly Review" is enriched with Dr. Nevin's Baccalaureate Address at the late commencement in Franklin and Marshall College, on "Man's True Destiny." Other articles are—the Influence of Christianity on the Family," by Dr. Schaff; "Visit to the Dead Sea"; reviews of "Nevin on Cyprian," and of the "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy"; and essays on the "Growth and Mission of the Church," and on "Romanizing Tendencies." Dr. Schaff's article is taken from a German work of his now in press—"History of the Apostolic Church." The subject of the Doctor's position on the subject of Slavery may be gathered from the following paragraphs:

"Slavery is the robbing an immortal man, created in the image of God, of his free personality, degrading him to an article of merchandise, a mere machine of his owner, and thereby hindering the development of his intellectual and moral powers, and the attainment of the higher end of his existence. For this heathenism had no remedy."

"On the other hand, a true Christian, who comes into possession of slaves by inheritance, will never treat them as slaves in the proper sense, but as free servants, with all love and kindness; he will seek in every way to promote their moral and religious culture, even if circumstances, for which he is not personally answerable, should make their formal emancipation for the time impracticable. But of course this alone is not enough. All that is inward must in the end work itself out and fully establish itself as an outward fact in actual life. So Paul expressly says to the slave, 'But if thou mayest be made free, use it rather,' (1 Cor. 7 : 21.) Hence the spirit and genius of Christianity, more powerful than any particular command, has in all ages, without any radical noise and revolution, or contempt for historically established legal rights and the principles of equity, urged towards the orderly constitutional abolition of slavery; and though it has not even yet everywhere succeeded —in the freest land in the world, in the most glaring inconsistency with its fundamental political principles, there are still more than three millions of negro slaves—yet it will not rest till by the power of redemption all the chains which sin has forged shall be broken; till the personal and eternal dignity of man shall be universally acknowledged, and the idea of evangelical freedom and fraternal fellowship perfectly realized."

The "North American Review" is true throughout to its anti-democratic determinations, which give tone more or less to nearly every article, but are put forth in full in the review of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," where the very idea of human rights is openly scouted; the rightfulness of slavery is maintained, and even its extension as a beneficial institution for society in general is advocated. We copy a couple of paragraphs as a wonder of the age:

"There are, no doubt, some persons—believers in the 'rights of man,' according to the French Jacobinical version of them—who would deny the duty for their support. The minister of work that is to be done by every of the body of Christ; but, since he lively, he may be expected to do it tion. Is it his business to labor for of sinners and the sanctification of christ, so is it theirs. In every thing as disciples, he is to be their example what we now restrict to the ministry tion of the ordinances, and to this here can be no objection. But we all this restriction we have no example testament. In other respects it is ver, in principle, the difference between rs of a minister and those of any in conversation, or in a Sabbath-le class, or in a conference room. All produce the same result, the conand by the same means, the inculeachings of Christ and his apostles. made for the Church, and not the e ministry. We are not Boothist ammedan dervishes, or members of

based upon the fundamental doctrine which is boldly enunciated in the Review—

"It is a law of nature, that the intellectually strong shall govern the weak; in other words, that the weak shall serve and obey the strong."

From this general axiom of despotism and atheism combined, the inference is made that as "the negro is naturally the servant of the white man," it is "his happiest position." And by parity of reason *he* might well argue that the Celt is "naturally the servant" of the Saxon, the Dutch of the Yankees, the country people to Boston, and the literature of the country to Harvard College! He does argue that slavery can and ought to be ameliorated without being abolished. Concede the inherent rightfulness of slavery, and the practical necessity of its continuance here, and its friends easily justify the fugitive slave law, and all other enormities, by the argument that they are *necessary* to secure the safety of its working and the permanence of its reign.

The "Bibliotheca Sacra" is announced as conducted by Prof. E. A. Park and Mr S. H. Taylor, of Andover, with the special co-operation of Dr. Robinson and Profs. H. B. Smith, G. E. Day and D. H. Allen. The subjects of the October number are "Phrenology," by Dr. Pond; Prof. B. B. Edwards' "Life and Writings"; Pres. Edwards on "True Virtue"; the "Prophet Jonah," by Prof. Stowe; Prof. Barrows' Inaugural on "Indivisible Revelation"; and Neander on "Grecian and Christian Ethics." The departments of "Notices of New Publications," and "Literary Intelligence," are of special value.

The press of Fowlers & Wells, so prolific in "reforms" so called, has commenced the issue of the "New Illustrated Hydropathic Quarterly Review, a professional magazine." Price $2 per annum.

THE MONTHLIES.

"Blackwood's," for October, (issued thus early in Scott's reprint,) opens with a long and elaborate, actual and critical review of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The writer declares that he had never read the book until the last month, and then "as a matter of mere critical curiosity"; and he proceeds to judge of it "by its own intrinsic merits or demerits." We copy a part of the recorded verdict.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin is a remarkable book, unquestionably; and, upon the whole, we are not surprised at its prodigious success, even as a mere literary performance; but whether, after all, it will have any direct effect upon the dreadful institution at which it is aimed, may be regarded as problematical. Of one thing we are persuaded—that its author, as she has displayed in this work unbounded genius, in some respects of a higher order than any American predecessor or contemporary, is also a woman of unaffected and profound piety, and an ardent friend of the unhappy black. Every word in her pages issues glistening and warm from the mint of Christian love and sympathy, refined and purified by Christianity. We never saw in any other work, so many and such sudden irresistible appeals to the reader's heart—appeals which, moreover, only a wife and a mother could make. One's heart throbs, and one's eyes are suffused with tears, without a moment's reflection, and without anything like effort or preparation on the writer's part. We are, on the contrary, soothed in our spontaneous emotion by a conviction of the writer's utter artlessness. * *

"There are, indeed, scenes and touches in this book, which no living writer, that we know of, can surpass, and perhaps in painting them they are unrivalled. We scarcely know whether to call it a blessing or a curse, that the southerners hold the negro in possession, and with that to keep him. A Massachusetts clergyman above contends that, as the division of labor indicates progress in civilization, so it is desirable that the religious and secular education of young persons should be committed to different classes of teachers. A Universalist preacher concluded in decided terms to the Russian government, argues in favor of the union of church and state, and in their resolve to maintain and Massachusetts, by which the sale of wine, beer, spirits in the sovereignty of the Sultan and the integrity of the Empire.

"We imagine that no person of genius can read UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, and not feel in glowing contact with genius."

COLLEGES AND SEMINARIES.

Geneseo College.—The report to the M. E. Genesee Conference, on the condition of the College and Seminary at Lima, shows a property of above $200,000; and the number of pupils that have received instruction during the year, is 652 males and 423 females. The new Freshman class in the college numbers 49. The seminary has sent out above 200 teachers during the past year.

"There were over forty applications for teachers, which, for want of men, the Faculty could not supply. And it is a remarkable fact, and significant of the present rapid progress and increasing power of the Christian religion in our midst, that a large proportion of the applications have been for teachers who are members of some Christian church, and whose lives are devoted to the cause of religion. What an interesting and responsible relation, then, do the literary institutions of our own Conference sustain to the educational interests of Western New York!"

Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg.—Commencement Sept. 12. Graduates 14. Baccalaureate discourse by the President, Dr Baugher. Literary addresses by Rev. [illegible] and that is, that Austria is necessary to Europe, precisely as a barrier for Turkey against Russian encroachments. Now, sir, I proclaim this to be a false suggestion in the first, and a dangerous one for the future. Austria never has been a barrier of Turkey against Russia, or else, how could it happen that in spite of that barrier, in a time when it was yet shaken by the universal discontent of all the nations of which Austria rules, Russia has succeeded in extending her conquest upon Turkey on one side to the Kuban, on the other to the Danube; nay, that she took even into her iron grasp the estuary of that Danube, which is precisely the life artery of Austria herself? Austria was never a barrier to Russia. She was her ally against Turkey in almost all her wars; so much so that even when she made a show of motivation between Turkey and Russia in that war which ended with the treaty of Belgrade, she did it only to disguise her preparations for joining Russia, as she is doing now again."

Beyond all question Hungary, free and independent, would really have been the barrier against Russia, which Austria has not been nor can be. Not to have sustained Hungary was a blunder and a crime,—a repetition of the affair of Poland.

With equal force Kossuth writes of that secret diplomacy, which is the characteristic of European governments, and by which the English public is blinded. He says on this subject;

"I certainly never could understand how it is possible that the people of England—proud as they are of their constitutional rights, that is to say, of direct share in the management of public interests—could so readily submit to have almost no share at all in the direction of the foreign policy of the country. In home affairs mistakes of legislation may be cured by modifying or reversing them, and still the people would not endure the slightest measure to be introduced without its consent. But in foreign politics, where a single mistake may engender irreparable mischief, the people are satisfied to hear that it is incompatible with public interest to let the people know how its dearest interests are disposed of. If our ear, sir, shakes the credit of civilization, the progress, it should not submit to imposition of worn-out prejudices, the toleration of which can be only excused by the undeveloped condition of the popular intellect. Amongst these prejudices there is none fraught with more mischievous results to all humanity than secrecy of diplomacy. Conspirators, sir, may want secrecy, and weak nations may be excused for creeping by stealth into position which openly they could not obtain. But, be sure of it, sir, that with a powerful nation, which should never claim but what is just and right, and which has the power to enforce its claims, the keeping secret the management of its national interests is the clearest indication of there being 'something rotten in the state of Denmark;' and that there must be elements in operation which are likely, if not to betray, at least to compromise public weal."

Kossuth has expressed his opinions on the question, on the occasion of his being invited to attend a meeting in favor of Turkey, held at Stafford. His views, in the main, would be accepted by intelligent Englishmen generally, though they are, perhaps, somewhat too deeply, though naturally colored by his personal relations towards his oppressed country, and the fervent spirit of the patriot. He considers the present conduct of Russia only a continuation of that pursued toward Hungary by the same power. He argues that, though not so intended, the policy of English ministries has been Russian in its results. He considers that this policy has been induced partly, if not chiefly, by the fear of a popular triumph of the revolutionary principle if a different policy were pursued. It would be vain to dissimulate, that aristocracy and plutocracy, as leading elements, will always less fear the despot than popular liberty. Kossuth also insists that the English government has been misled by a false estimate of Austria, and by a desire to save her from her well-merited fate. This is true. It has been the hereditary and traditional policy of English governments to sustain Austria, as a means of maintaining the equilibrium of European standing Austria as standing equally between France and Russia. Thus the Hungarian patriot says with great force and clearness:

"I know it, sir, and can prove it if needed, that all the exertions of English diplomacy in the East have been not so much prompted by the wish to do what is advantageous to Turkey, as by the consideration what might be least unbearable to Austria. There are some who suppose that this ungrateful task might have been inspired by considerations [illegible] some principle [illegible] support [illegible] and the

Here Kossuth while speaking, in a sense, truly is something less than just. For hateful as "the French war" was in its origin, it cannot be disputed that Great Britain, in the end, combated for the independence of nations, though in connection with dynasties which have proved sanguinary and perjured. They all promised constitutions when invoking the patriotism of their peoples and receiving the aid of England.

Kossuth assigned two reasons for not attending this meeting; he thought that in the degree popular sympathy was excited would be the degree of opposition of the ministry to press affairs to an issue which was to be deplored;—and next, copies of the resolutions to be proposed had not been sent to him for his guidance.

The tone of the London papers, and of the correspondence from Paris received this morning (30th Sept.), is more firm and anti-Russian. The English fleet is to be reinforced immediately.

The Bank of England advanced the rate of interest from 4 1-2 to 5 per cent. yesterday.

MARKETS.

The produce markets still rising. Wheat has fallen at Odessa; partly from supplies pouring in beyond the means of freight. The iron masters resolved yesterday not to raise the price of iron, though they thought an advance of 20s. per ton was warranted by the state of the market, *the increased cost of coal*, and the increased wages paid, and the advances yet demanded by workmen.

Manchester.—The depression continues in the market to-day for all descriptions of manufactures. The reports of still further complications in politics, together with the prospects of increasing scarcity in the money market, throw a gloom over every and paralyze commercial enterprise—putting all operations except those for the supply of present requirement.

A BLIND AND DEAF AMERICAN TRAVELS

Lieut Holman, of the Royal Navy, has for [illegible] cited much interest as a traveler in all parts of the Though quite blind, he has great self-reliance account of foreign countries are both interesting liable. An American in England, not so well to observe as Holman, is reported as writing contrast with the United States,—there are no "idle, dirty boys in a rub of coaching on your shoes. American must be blind and deaf, or possessed faculty of not seeing what is before him, and of so nonexistent. For in fact, among the modern mi the extensive book trade at the English railway at which millions of copies of one and two shilli umes are sold annually. One London bookselle has many agents appointed to stations in Englan a very large newspaper business is done, not by of boys, but by one or two who, within the station, the carriages. Neither boys, nor the general put obtain entrance within the stations of English railways "hordes" of dirty cads and cleaners at stations are cr of the American traveler's imagination.

THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

The following sketch is from a letter dated Sept. 13," addressed to the London *Morning Pos*

"The 157 passengers comprise a large proport highly respectable people. Two-fifths of the whole ber are English, two-fifths Americans, and the remai fifth is composed of Frenchmen, Germans, Dutch and Swedes. Their demeanor is quiet and gentlem and during the whole of the passage there has not been a single instance of a quarrel or even of an angry word in a voyage which is but to occupy 11 or 12 days. of them attend public worship on Sundays, alth considerably differing in religious opinion. The Ch of England is exclusively represented, the Presbyteri and the full service is always read on Sundays b captain, unless an English or American clergy should happen to be on board and able to officiate.

"Much may be learned by conversation on a voyage, and our 157 passengers might furnish an e cloptedia. One, for example, has lately been empl on a royal commission respecting the boundary bet Turkey and Persia. This gentleman can relate his covery of the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, and his d terment of the long-hidden tomb of the prophet Da at Susa. Another is a colonial judge, full of shrewd well versed in the affairs of India, and especially di guished by his humorous sketches of Yankee chara Another is well acquainted with California, and, am other wonders, relates how an extensive banking-ho was lately erected at San Francisco, solely by the h of Chinese workmen, the stones themselves having b quarried in China, and cut in the proper shape be shipped the declaration, and given orders for hostilities leaving the Celestial Empire. Another is an enterpri Yankee, who relates how he built a good ship in Maine, took her to Cuba with a freight consi ing of the produce of New England, sold his cargo advantage, and then conveyed a new cargo on accou of an English house from Cuba to Gloucester in Eng land; how he sold both ship and cargo to Gloucester a great profit; and how he then returned to his home and build a new ship, with the prospect of repeating second prosperous adventure. Another is a venerable gentleman, who has been fraternizing with the Mormons in Utah, and has received distinguished attention in the old country.

"Various discussions have assisted in relieving the monotony of the voyage. A Quaker has had a contro versy with a member of the Methodist persuasion on the fulness of 'involuntary servitude,' and is told in reply that the southerners hold the negro in possession, and with

"This circumstance shows also how great damage might have been caused, at a certain period, by those of your contemporaries whose violent abuse was directed against the chief of the French nation, and who sought to raise prejudices of the most dangerous nature in the eyes of every impartial man. Some credit must be allowed to the steadiness with which the *Morning Post*, then the "base exception" in the English press, stood against blind passion and evident calumny."

A journal, the farthest removed from the *Post*, even the *Nonconformist*, whose powers are tasked just now to sustain a peace argument, says that the outcry against Louis Napoleon, as if contemplating an invasion of England, was the cause of the Emperor of Russia breaking through international treaties and seizing upon Turkish principalities! The Muscovite reckoning that there could be no concert between France and England by which his project could be hindered.

The infamous *Times* has in part backed out of its Russian advocacy, and even censures the Czar, mingling with these censures abuse of the Turks. Lord John Russell last week, at Greenock, in Scotland, spoke with spirit and determination. He recognized the claims of foreign countries upon England, and said that this was not a period in which duties toward mankind were to be neglected. "Let us," he said, "perform them, if possible, by our moral influence,—let us perform them if possible, while we maintain the blessings of peace; but while we endeavor to maintain peace, I certainly should be the last to forget that *if that peace cannot be maintained with honor it is no longer peace.*" This statement was received with prolonged applause. Lord John continued: "It becomes, then, but a truce—a precarious truce—to be denounced by others whenever they may think fit: whenever they may think an opportunity has occurred to enforce by arms their unjust demands, either upon us or upon our allies."

Since then Lord Palmerston has addressed a large audience at Perth, on occasion of the freedom of that town being conferred upon him. His reference to foreign affairs was brief, and in those terms:

"Gentlemen, it is, it ought to be, satisfactory to every Englishman to know that the conduct of our foreign relations is now in able hands—that my Lord Clarendon—my noble friend, Lord Clarendon—who is now at the head of that department, has penetration to see where the interests, and the honor, and the safety of the country are to be sought, that he has sagacity to discover the proper means for saving and maintaining those interests, and that he has firmness, and energy, and perseverance, to pursue the right course to arrive at a successful and perfect result. If my noble friend, Lord Clarendon, receives—as I am sure he will—the cordial, the generous support of the country, you may depend upon it that he will not disappoint the just expectations of his country men."

And these are all the helps there are toward the understanding of the position and intentions of the ministry in this important crisis.

Despite the anxiety respecting the cholera, and the state of the money market (the funds ten per cent. lower than six months since, and railway securities down), despite these things there is a strong and growing feeling in the public mind respecting this Eastern Question: there is a generous sympathy with Turkey as wronged and outraged, and a feeling of indignation toward the great bully of the North.

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Editors' Cable.

THE LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rev. J. S. Hewson, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longman.

This is a work which could be produced only after many generations of Christian progress, and especially of the progress of philological science, of historical Christianity, and of Christian art. The first ages of the church could not have produced it, for not only were there wanting the arts of printing and of engraving for the embellishment of such a work, but there was wanting, also, the critical acumen and the logical method that should analyze and arrange its materials. The middle ages could not have produced it, for there was wanting the clear perception of historic truth as separate from tradition, and the vigorous tone of evangelical piety essential to a biographer of Paul and an expounder of his Epistles; the scholastic learning of the times was ill-suited to a work of Christian edification, and the art that illuminated the missal and adorned the Cathedral, was not the art to portray the natural yet often beautiful scenes of Apostolic history. The sixteenth century could not have produced it, for in that age of theological controversy, when the very foundations of truth were to be established, there was no leisure for preparing such an elaborate Christian classic, nor in an age just emerging from scholasticism and superstition, were criticism and the esthetic element so far developed as to evolve such results.

It was not till an age when learning, and genius, and art, and travel, are subordinated to the development of the Christian history and life, that such a work could be produced, that the men and the materials could be found to make it, or the readers found to demand or to appreciate the labor.

What is involved in the preparation of such a work is admirably stated in the following paragraphs of the Introduction, which will serve also to illustrate the style of the work itself.

"To present anything like a living picture of St. Paul's career, much more is necessary than a mere transcript of the Scriptural narrative even where it is fullest. Every step of his course brings us into contact with some new phase of ancient life, unfamiliar to our modes of experience, and upon which we must throw light from other sources, if we wish to form a distinct image in the mind. For example, to comprehend the influences under which he grew to manhood, we must realize the position of a Jewish child in Tarsus, 'the chief city of Cilicia'; we must understand the kind of education which the son of such a family would receive as a boy in his Hebrew home, or in the schools of his native city, and in his riper youth 'at the feet of Gamaliel' in Jerusalem; we must be acquainted with the profession for which he was to be prepared by this training, and appreciate the station and duties of an expounder of the Law. And that we may be fully qualified to do this, we should have a clear view of the state of the Roman empire at his time, and especially of its system in the provinces; we should also understand the political position of the Jews of the 'dispersion'; we should be (so to speak) hearers in their synagogues, we should be students of their Rabbinical theology. And in like manner, as we follow the Apostle in the different stages of his varied and adventurous career, we must strive continually to bring out in their true brightness the half-effaced forms and coloring of the scene in which he acts; and while he becomes all things to all men, that he might by all means save some,' we must form to ourselves a living likeness of the 'fashion and of the men,' among which he moved, if we would rightly estimate his work. Thus we must study Christianity rising in the midst of Judaism, we must realize the position of its early churches with their mixed society, to which Jews, Proselytes and Heathens had each contributed their characteristic element; we must qualify ourselves to be umpires (if we may so speak) in their violent internal divisions; we must listen to the strife of their schismatic parties, when one said, 'I am of Paul, and another, 'I am of Apollos;' we must catch the true character of those early heresies which even denied the resurrection, and advocated impurity and lawlessness, claiming the right to 'sin that grace might abound,' deifying the mind and conscience of their followers, and making them 'abominable, and disobedient, and to every good work reprobate'; we must trace the extent to which Greek philosophy, Judaizing formalism, and fanciful Gnosticism were already combining in evil which was at last to leaven the whole mass of civilized society.

"Again, to understand St. Paul's personal history as a missionary to the heathen, we must know the state of the different populations which he visited; the character of the Greek and Roman civilization at the epoch; the points of intersection between the political history of the world and the scriptural narrative; the social organization and gradation of ranks for which he enjoins respect; the position of women, to specify only a few points in many of his letters; the relations between parents and children, slaves and masters, which he not vainly sought to imbue with the loving spirit of the Gospel; the quality and influence, under the early empire, of the Greek and Roman religions, whose effete corruptions he denounces with such indignant scorn; the public amusements of the people, whence he draws topics of warning or illustration; the operation of the Roman law, under which he was so frequently arraigned; the courts in which he was tried, and the magistrates by whose sentence he suffered; the legionary soldiers who acted as his guards; the roads by which he traveled, whether through the mountains of Lycaonia or the marshes of Latium; the course of commerce by which his journeys were so often regulated; and the character of that imperfect navigation by which his life was so many times endangered.

"While thus trying to live in the life of a bygone age, and to call up the figure of the past from its tomb, duly robed in all its former raiment, every help is welcome which enables us to fill up the dim outline in any part of its reality. Especially we delight to look upon the only one of the manifold features of that past existence which still is living. We remember with what freshness the earth, the sea, and the sky, still combine for us in the same landscapes which passed before the eyes of the wayfaring Apostle. The plain of Cilicia, the snowy distances of Taurus, the cold and rapid stream of the Cydnus, the broad Orontes under the shadow of its steep banks with their drooping jasmine and oleander, the hills which 'stand about Jerusalem,' the 'arched fountains cold' in the ravines below, and those flowery brooks beneath that wash their hallowed feet; the capes and islands of the Grecian sea, the craggy mountains which fence Crete, the land-locked harbor of Syracuse, the towering cone of Etna, the voluptuous loveliness of the Campanian shore; all these remain to us, the imperishable handiwork of nature. We can still look upon the same trees and flowers which he saw clothing the mountains, giving color to the plains, or reflected in the rivers; we may think of him among the palms of Syria, the cedars of Lebanon, the olives of Attica, the green Isthmian pines of Corinth, whose leaves were chosen for the 'fading crown,' which he contrasts with the 'incorruptible crown' for which he fought. Nay, we can even still look upon some of the works of man which filled him with wonder, or moved him to indignation. The temples that with hazy mirth rose before him—the very apotheosis of idolatry—on the Acropolis, still stand in almost undiminished majesty and beauty. The mole on which he landed at Puteoli still stretches its ruins into the blue waters of the bay. The remains of the Baian bullae, whose marble porticoes he beheld glittering in the sunset—his first specimen of Italian luxury—still are seen along the shore. We may still enter Rome as he did, by the same Appian way, through the same Capenhum Gate, and wander among the ruins of 'Cæsar's palace' and 'Pompey's house,' while our eye rests upon the same aqueducts radiating over the Campagna to the unchanging hills. Those who have visited these spots must often have felt a thrill of recollection as they trod in the footsteps of the Apostle; they must have been conscious how much the identity of the outward scene brought them into communion with him, while they tried to image to themselves the feelings with which he must have looked upon the objects before them. They who have experienced this will feel how imperfect a biography of St. Paul must be without faithful representations of the places which he visited. And it is evident, that for the purposes of such a biography, nothing but true and faithful representations of the real scenes will be valuable; these are what is wanted, and not ideal representations, even though copied from the works of the greatest masters; for as it has been well said, 'nature and reality painted at the time, and on the spot, a nobler cartoon of St. Paul's preaching at Athens than the immortal Rafaelle afterwards has done.'"

Gladly would we follow the course of this chaste and eloquent introduction in describing the critical judgment, the pure taste, the elevated sentiment, and the evangelical experience, necessary to the elucidation of Paul's character from his own writings; but such thoughts will be more obvious to the reader than those presented in the passage quoted above. It was to be expected that men who set about their work with such views of its magnitude, and with such qualifications for the proper execution of it, would perform that work well; and it is enough to say that the work answers to their ideal.

The mechanical execution of the work is of the highest order. Both typography and engraving are admirable. "Rivulets of ink" flow clear and pure amid "acres of margin" upon the beautiful pages of these massive quartos. The illustrations of natural scenery are finely executed, and—which is of greater consequence—are perfectly truthful. Having looked upon most of the scenes of Paul's life and labors, we now recognize these views as the faces of familiar friends. They were designed especially for this work, and are a valuable contribution to its great idea.

We need say nothing in praise of the literary execution of the work, after the specimen we have given above. Its descriptive parts are drawn with the hand of a master: and its historical and narrative parts, exhibit great extent of research, a careful sifting of materials, and a nice faculty of arrangement. The style is everywhere clear and chaste.

An important feature of the work is the new translation of the epistles of Paul, in the style of a free and perspicuous paraphrase; this is accompanied with annotations, in the spirit of a sound and judicious criticism. The work is pervaded also with a tone of sincere piety and with the deepest reverence for the Word of God. It is candid and liberal withal; for though there is an occasional leaning toward episcopacy—as in the argument from history for bishops, which follows the concession that in the New Testament bishops and presbyters are one—yet there is a superiority to tradition and a catholic spirit in the treatment of such questions, altogether praiseworthy.

We regard this as a most valuable contribution to the Christian literature of our age; and we value it as a rich testimonial to the progress of Christian learning and art, and of Christianity itself. No previous age, we have said, could have produced such a work;—no previous age demanded it or would have warranted its publication. That the biography of Paul should now be made the subject of two large volumes published in the highest style of art, adorned with choice engravings and enriched with treasures of learning, is a wonderful proof of the progress of Christianity, and of the power of its early teachers over the minds and hearts of after ages.

A work upon such a scale could hardly have been issued from the press in our yet infant country. But the modern facilities of interchange in the book trade bring it to us almost as cheaply as it is afforded in London. Mr. *John Wiley*, 167 Broadway, has made arrangements to import and deliver the work for about $12. We know that this price—cheap for such a work—puts it beyond the reach of many ministers. But it is not beyond the reach of wealthy parishioners, of societies, or of churches, that may wish to remember their pastor at Thanksgiving or New Year's with some token of esteem. Besides it is not a work for ministers alone, but would adorn the library of any intelligent Christian.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

STREET BOYS AND GIRLS.

The children in the country can have very little idea of what it is to be a poor boy or poor girl in a great city. Very likely you, who are reading this, are living in a nice warm house, with great trees overhead, where the bright red and yellow leaves hang and rustle in the wind. You go a-chestnuting these sunny October afternoons, and ramble in the dry stubble-fields, and look at the golden corn; and finally, when comfortably tired, you can come back to a good supper, and nestle down before a great wood-fire, and tell fortunes on the ashes till it is bed-time. When you lie down to sleep, there is a mother, perhaps, who talks softly with you, and tells you about a great good Being, who made those stars out of the window. Perhaps she tells you of a place where she hopes you and she are going, where no one is ever unhappy or does anything wrong; and may be you go to sleep, thinking of heaven.

In the day, there's a school mar[illegible] Your teachers speak to you about the men and the women who lived a great while ago, and you hear about other countries and about this country. You have books. People about you—you don't know it—are trying to make you honest, and kind and industrious. If you are sick, you know there is a sweet nurse, and a kind, pleasant, sick-room for you. If it is stormy and cold outside, you do not care; you are comfortable. So it is, year after year. You grow up among friends,—everything to help you. You hear more and more of God and Christ. If you are a girl, there are a thousand things which aid to keep you pure and good; if you are a boy, you can go into a business or profession, and there are friends and acquaintances to push you along. You never thought, I suppose, what it is to be a poor city boy or girl. Let me tell you of one—a little boy whom I knew lately. His name was Johnny, and he lived in Twenty-third-street, New York. He had a good kind mother, but she died a few years ago, and he was left with the father, a laboring man. The father died, and then little Johnny was an orphan, not ten years old, all alone in the great city. He had no home—he used to sleep in boxes or in the alleys. Sometimes the boys would bring him cold potatoes or bread. Then he would stand on the corners and be ready to hold horses, and make a sixpence. Did you ever see little boys selling lozenges? He was one of them, but not often, for he did not have the money to buy ahead.

Sometimes he stood on the cross-walks, with as old broom, to sweep, right in the rain or snow and mud, and so would make a penny. Poor little fellow! it was a cold, hard life to work so in the great city. Perhaps he stood shivering on the corners some days, and looked at rich men's carriages and such children as you are, and wondered why he didn't have a home. Perhaps when he lay down on the hard boards at night, he thought a little of the heaven his mother had told him of long time ago, and almost wished he was there,—he was so cold, and tired, and hungry, and people cared so little for him. Little Johnny was honest; but do you wonder if he had stolen, or done anything wrong? No one ever told him of God—he never went to church or to school: how could he? He was bright, and would like to learn; but who would help him? If he went to school he would starve.

I was going up one day on the wharves, and I saw this little Johnny—not more than twelve years old—sitting on the dock, ragged, and looking very wretched. I gave him something to eat, and he told me his story. I asked him about God. He did not know. "Have you ever heard of Christ?" "No." "Did you ever hear of heaven?" Yes; my mother told me about it." "Well, what is it?" "I shall go there, if I don't fight and cuss and lie." "Well, do you?" "No, sir—only lie sometimes." "Do you ever say a prayer?" "Yes, sir—some nights when it's dark, on the boards. My mother taught me."

Little Johnny never seemed to have heard a kind voice before—he could hardly understand it. We have a society, called the "*Children's Aid Society*," founded by good men to help just such children. So I told him to come up next day to the office. Early next morning Johnny was there—weak from having such poor fare, and dirty, but with a bright face, and looking as though he would make a good man, if he had the chance.

We fed and dressed him, and that noon sent him off to a gentleman in Delaware—a kind physician, who had offered to take any poor boy we might send. In a few days we had a long letter, telling us of Johnny—how when he came he was covered with dirt and vermin; how surprised he was to have decent clothes and good fare; yet that he was intelligent and good-natured, and "with God's help, such as in time could be made a man of."

Think what the little fellow would have probably become, if we had not chanced on him. In a short time he would have fallen in with the boys who make it a business to steal and rob.

He was hungry and without friends. Everything would have tempted him. Then you would have heard of him, as committed to the "Tombs," our City Prison. I see such boys there all the while. Next, he would have been in Blackwell's Island; and so on from one to another, coming out from each worse than he went in: for, children, remember, prisons as they are now, are curses to every one in them! And finally, when you and he are young men and women—you happy and doing well, he an outcast and friendless—you would have been surprised to hear of a young man (as we hear every now and then) sentenced to the gallows: and perhaps, if you did not think, you would have shuddered at the wickedness of the human heart: but perhaps, also, you would remember the thousands of such little ragged, friendless boys as Johnny in our great cities, and only wonder there were no more such men.

Now let me tell you of another. This is a little girl named Johanna; she was born in Ireland, and was a pretty little thing; but her father was going to be married again, and wanted to get rid of her, and he put her aboard of a ship, and let her go to America, almost without an acquaintance in the ship. What was she to do when she reached this country? She knew nobody, and she was only twelve years old. The human heart, children, has kindness in it in the poorest classes, and some poor sewing-women took care of her.

While she was with these people, a few days ago, some visitors for Mr. Pardie, whom very likely you know in the Sunday-schools, found her, and reported it to him. He took me down with him to the place. It was a dirty boarding-house for emigrants. We climbed the stairways, way up to the attic. In a back room we found three or four women sitting on the floor, sewing coarse cotton cloths. In the midst of them was our Irish child, a pretty bright girl of about fourteen. She had a very dirty dress, and no shoes or stockings, but her face was clean, and she sewed fast.

We told them of the "Children's Aid Society," and why we had come; and then they told us all about the little girl. They had taken care of her, and kept her out of the street; still they could not do it much longer, and they should be glad to find her a home. Johanna's face brightened to think of it. "Would she like to learn to read and write?" "Oh, yes, if I only could!" she said. She told us she had never been even to the Catholic church or to school, because she had no shoes, and only this dress, which she slept in always. She spoke very prettily and intelligently, and seemed so glad to find a home. We told the women that they had done a Christian act to the young orphan, and promised to send the office-boy for her.

You don't know, children, and I hope you never will, what the almost certain fate is to the friendless girl of the great city. It is a life which is the saddest of all that God looks upon in this wicked earth, and a death so bitter and lonely!

Well, the next day she was brought up; a kind lady supplied her with clothes, and now she is in a good home in Connecticut, where she will be educated and cared for.

It shall not be always as it now, children. The boy or girl in one house, happy, and well off, and educated, and the one in the next block friendless and deserted and ignorant; God never meant it; Jesus Christ must see it sadly. When you are older you can do something to make it different. You must feel that the little street-sweeper, or rag-picker, or beggar, is your brother, and has as much right to know the Bible and go to school and have a home, as you. And perhaps you may live to see, some day, a country where the good everywhere look upon the poor and unhappy as theirs, and take care of them even as if they were of their own family. You can do something. But I am afraid we shall none of us live to see all we wish. Still, the day will come, when not an unhappy or ignorant young face shall sadden our walks,—when such places as the Five Points, and the prisons and the gallows shall be gone forever. It will be a

From the Cleveland Commercial.

The Drunkard's Home.

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

AIR—"Old Folks at Home."

Dark fall the shades of evening dreary,
Sad, sad am I;
Slow drag the cheerless hours aweary,
Sighs heave and sweep by;
Hopeless and fearful of to-morrow,
Weeping sad tears,
I'm watching in my home of sorrow,
Grieving o'er wasted years.

O, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!
Once happy was our sunny dwelling,—
William was free!
Now anguish in my heart is swelling,
Deep as the joy I knew.
He yielded to the fell temptation,
Fiends had him too!
Till, reeling from his lofty station,
Manhood and truth are gone.

O, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!
Now, darkened by distress and sadness,
Weeping I mourn for thee!

Once happy were my children's voices,
Unhushed by fear;
Gone now the music that rejoices,
Famine and grief are here!
Once tender were the words of greeting,
When my William came;
Now fearfully my heart is beating,
Scared at the once loved name.

O, my home of joy and gladness,
Thou art lost to me!
Now, darkened by distress and sadness,
Weeping I mourn for thee!

One hope within my heart is glowing,—
One rising star;
One strain, as of a bugle blowing,
Tells of a coming war.
First came its blessed note of gladness,
Floating from *Maine*!
Trembling I turn from thoughts of sadness—
Rouse my fond pride again!

O, the hope new-born and glorious,
May its promise be
Crowned with the blessed law victorious!
Giving the old home to me!

SINEWS OF IRON.—We wandered into a machine shop yesterday. Everywhere, up stairs and down stairs, *intelligent* machines were doing the work once done by thinking and toiling men. In one place a chuckle-headed affair, looking like an elephant's frontispiece, was quietly biting bars of cold iron in two, as if they had been so many oaten straws.

In another place, a fierce little thing, with a spindle-shaped weapon—a sort of mechanical "Devil's Darning Needle"—was boring *square* holes through solid wooden wheels, three inches or more in thickness.

Away there, in a corner, a device, about as large and as noisy as a humming-bird, was amusing itself cutting out pieces of steel from solid plates, as easily as children puncture paper patterns with a pin.

All by itself, in another place, was a machine that whistled like a boatswain, and rough boards came forth, planed, grooved, finished, ready for a place in something, somewhere, for somebody.

Everywhere these queer machines were busy, doing all sorts of things in all sorts of ways; boring and planing, and grooving and mortising; turning and bending, and sharpening and sawing.

Down stairs, in a room by itself, as if it would be alone, we found the grand mover of all these machines.

In a corner, some distance from the genius we write of, a fire was burning, perhaps to keep it "just comfortable," and *perhaps* not.

It was very busy—the thing was—moving an arm of polished steel, backward and forward over a frame equally polished and glittering; as one in thought sitting by a table passes his fingers to and fro along the smooth surface of the mahogany.

We said it was busy, and so it *was*; busy doing nothing. It went nowhere, it hammered nothing, planed nothing, ground nothing, but just passed its ponderous arm backward and forward. It neither ate nor spoke, but there, from "early morn to dewy eve," it *timed* the toil going on, everywhere around and above it.

There were, indeed, a few men made of flesh, sixty or so, here and there, about the establishment, *furnishing* rather than *doing* the work.

That thing with the iron arm works the wonders. It will work more.—*Tribune.*

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